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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, March 16, 1984

Polish past



הכרזת מלחמה

A GROUP of young men and women this week found themselves halfway down the rough road to becoming Israeli diplomats.

Irit Vitale, 26 and Yitzhak Gerberg, 30, are two of the 20 who reached what some might call the beginning of their career, while others perhaps more experienced describe it as only a preliminary stage. They went through the tests — innumerable, and difficult enough to knock another 550 people out of the running — and this week they started two years of being the lowest of the low at the Foreign Ministry. This week they became cadets.

The process begins at university, when students in a political science department, or studying mass communications begin wondering what exactly they'll be able to do with the knowledge they have gained.

Irit Vitale, for example, speaks Chinese, spent time in Japan and one wonders if she might not at least aspire to become Israel's first ambassador to Peking.

Gerberg has a B.A. in political science and is doing his masters in mass communications. With the fervour of the idealistic, he turned to the Foreign Ministry with the hopes of doing something about what is known as the *hasbara* problem.

But it will be two years before they're really diplomats, or at least have tenure at the compound where the daffodils are blooming this week. And until then, they'll earn a little bit less than \$300 a month, net, for the privilege of being apprentices in the ministry, constantly under the eye of the directors of the departments in which they'll work.

But talking about salaries is the last thing, it seems, that's on anybody's mind when they first start thinking about answering the ads that appear every mid-winter.

THE POSTERS go up at the universities, and appear as government civil service ads in the press. They're looking for people with academic degrees, expertise in international relations, or economics, or Middle East affairs, or international law, or Asia and Africa. They note that it would be helpful to have some knowledge in the following: Judaism, history, geography, sociology, economics, culture, and art.

They also state baldly that they want articulate people who have "analytical talents." In addition to perfect Hebrew, and fluency in English, French, German or Spanish is important. And a working knowledge of Arabic gives you an edge.

But that edge is only sufficient to get through the first of a battery of interviews and tests ranging from what are called here "psychotechnic" exams. These include aptitude tests — the kinds of exams where one has to figure out what shape is missing from a diagram, or follow complicated instructions involving a little bit of mathematics and a lot of logic — as well as achievement tests, which try to measure how much knowledge a person has amassed by the time he takes the test.

"They ask everything about us," says one cadet who made it through the hurdles.

The testing period and interviews, which are as much about the personality of the candidate as they are about the knowledge the candidate has in his or her field, last about



(Above) One of the 'classes' for future diplomats. Yitzhak Gerberg, centre, bearded in checked shirt. (Below left) Dov Ben-Dov, the programme's director. (Below right) Irit Vitale, a Chinese-speaking member of the group.



The making of a diplomat

The Foreign Ministry's 16-week course for new recruits covers everything from firearms to cocktail parties, with a great deal of politics in between. The Jerusalem Post's ROBERT ROSENBERG reports.

four months. Test and wait, test and wait.

"Each time I passed one of those hurdles, it was a tremendous boost to my ego," says Gerberg.

THE DIRECTOR of the course, David Ben-Dov, a former consul-general in several major overseas postings, nods. Of course, he's always looking for the best and the brightest, and would probably be happier if he had 2,000 candidates for the 15 or 20 slots he wants to fill each year. Meanwhile, he's pleased with this year's graduates, and feels certain about their ability to fit in.

After the testing is over, and the candidate pool has shrunk to about 75, a whole new set of interviews and tests whittles the group down to the final pool of candidates who will go through the four-month course. And this year, at the end of those trials, 20 remained.

The course is mindboggling, when one considers that in 16 weeks it covers subjects ranging from human rights and policy-making to self-protection and salaries for an Israeli diplomat abroad. Every day is planned, from morning till evening, with lectures, tours, discussions, and exercises.

The teachers are top staff at the ministry, staff members from

various other ministries, and a host of guest lecturers.

The 16 weeks includes such piquancies as a "practice cocktail party" and firearms training, as well as more traditional subjects like analysis of the PLO.

Throughout the course there are exams, but one senses from conversations with some of the cadets and the personnel in the ministry that by the time they have selected the 20 candidates, they're pretty convinced that these are the people who will go through the entire experience — including the two years as a cadet.

THE COURSE, in its present form, has been in existence for eight years. Established at the Foreign Ministry training department, by David Ariel, the course changes every year according to the needs of the ministry.

And according to Ben-Dov, those needs are being determined by a basic fact of nature. By the end of this decade, the ministry will have retired out of its ranks almost everybody who was there in the beginning, in the early days of the state when without a diplomatic tradition, the ministry was forced to create one.

These will be the middle and up-

per level managers of the ministry by the turn of the century," says Ben-Dov.

Yoav Biran, currently deputy director-general in charge of personnel, who went through the cadet training programme before Ariel devised its current format, agrees.

In addition to the strictly intellectual exercise that forms the cornerstone of the ministry's reputation as one of the most professional in the Israeli civil service, the training involves something that may be uniquely Israeli.

"About halfway through the course I realized I had to have a suit and I bought one, and two, can you believe it! Two ties. I had worn a tie only twice before in my life — and suddenly I owned two," said Gerberg.

"It's not that they told us how to dress, or how to handle ourselves at a cocktail party," he explained. "But I think there was a process of socialization, that for us, as sabras with all the myths and truths about our tough exterior and carelessness about formality, did make an impact."

NOT ALL THE cadets are sabras. There are two Russian immigrants, in the country barely seven years, and an immigrant from France, who

long before she ever considered joining the ministry, travelled on her own, using her French passport, to mainland China.

Zionism, with or without question marks, is an integral part of the reason why any of them are in the course.

"Surely it's not for the money — though I suppose as my career progresses and I'm sent abroad, things will balance out on that score," said Gerberg.

"And while a prime consideration for my application," said Vitale, "was wondering what career I could choose with my expertise in East Asian affairs," both cadets cite the sense of "mission" and "calling" in their career choice.

Perhaps most eloquent on the subject was Danny Efrati, who was chosen by the group of 20 to make a short valedictory speech to an audience consisting of the director-general of the ministry, David Kimche, and several of the deputy director-generals.

He said that the two most profound moments in the four-week course were a visit to Yad Vashem and a visit to the Hebrew University's library of ethnic recordings.

It was as a result of those two sessions, said Efrati, that the message of an Israeli diplomat "representing not only the citizens of his country but also the Jewish people as a whole," struck home.

That fits in well with what Kimche had told the graduating class: "You represent our ambitions, the Zionist ideology... you must always keep in mind the values of this country, and know the 'beautiful Israel' and represent that."

Kimche then turned to the subject of what he wants from his diplomats: "We have to be like the American car rental company, that always tries harder... Because of our special problems, our greatest enemy is routine. Initiative," said Kimche, "and decisiveness" are the core elements of an Israeli diplomat's job, because in the Israeli Foreign Ministry "it's not enough to know what you know and learned."

SO THIS WEEK Irit Vitale and Irit Gerberg went to work as cadets. They'll spend the next two years working for three-month periods in almost all of the ministry's departments. They'll learn to use that strange language called diplomatese, and they'll learn how to shuffle telexes with the best of the telex shufflers.

But most importantly, Vitale and Gerberg like all the other cadets who have passed through the course over the years, are going to learn that the theoretical studies, the years in academic, the history books and the journalism pale beside the real world. "Until now, they've been in a hothouse," says Ben-Dov. "Now they go out into the real world."

They'll learn first hand that too often the job of an Israeli diplomat is to answer hostile questions. They'll learn that as they become experts on foreign policy making, the politicians who make the decisions sometimes seem to delight in deliberately ignoring what the professionals in the ministry recommend.

They'll learn that no matter how many books one has read or lectures one's heard, the real test, the real hurdle in a diplomatic career comes with the first crisis.

And in "tiny little Israel," as Menachem Begin used to say, there's never a dearth of crises. □

Yael Kahana spent a year with the Jews of Ethiopia in their villages and later wrote a book about this experience called *Among Long-Lost Brothers: A Young Israeli Woman Discovers the Falashas*.

Since then, Kahana has become an anthropologist and has sharpened her tools, but her message has not changed. She wrote the book to inform Israelis of the black people who have kept their faith, despite all odds, for centuries, and who now wish to return to the Promised Land. Her aim was simply to pave the way for the immigration to follow the historic 1972 decision that these Ethiopians were, indeed, Jewish.

But more than a decade after her return, Kahana says that Israel still has a lot of "unfinished business" in Ethiopia. The good fight is not yet over.

Former Sephardi Chief Rabbi Ovadia Yosef decreed in 1972 that the Ethiopian Jews are descendants of the tribe of Dan and that they are long-lost Jews now returning to the fold of mainstream Jewry. In 1975, under an interministerial government decision, the Law of Return became applicable to Ethiopian Jews and since 1979, more of them have come.

"The main importance of the chief rabbi's decision," Kahana says, "is that there was no longer an excuse for either the Israeli government or the Jewish Agency, as its deputy, not to bring them here and accept them in Israel as citizens like everyone else."

Why, then, did it take years to begin the exit from Ethiopia and why is the process so slow?

Kahana rejects the notion of political difficulties. "It's true that there were political and other problems. But we also know that when we really wanted to bring a certain community, then the right connections were made, the right background established, and the right accommodations furnished."

AT FIRST, there was also the matter of colour. "It is very difficult to institutionalize the fact that there is a black Jewish community. No other community is labelled black, with all the stigmatic connotations involved."

But when the decision was taken by the government to make a concerted effort to bring the Ethiopian Jews to Israel, she says, the label also changed. For one thing, the word "Falasha" (which means stranger, or exile) was dropped. "At least officially, the institutions wanted to show that they do not discriminate, and the Ethiopian Jews are a community like any other."

"Today we know that many of the sensational accounts of suffering in the wake of the revolution in Ethiopia were unfounded, but this system worked well for fund-raising purposes," says Kahana. "People need a very dramatic cause to give money, and a much more dramatic one to act."

"In my view, the government of Israel has unfinished business with the Ethiopian community. For years, the Jewish Agency vacillated between contact and no contact, which created a very difficult psychological situation."

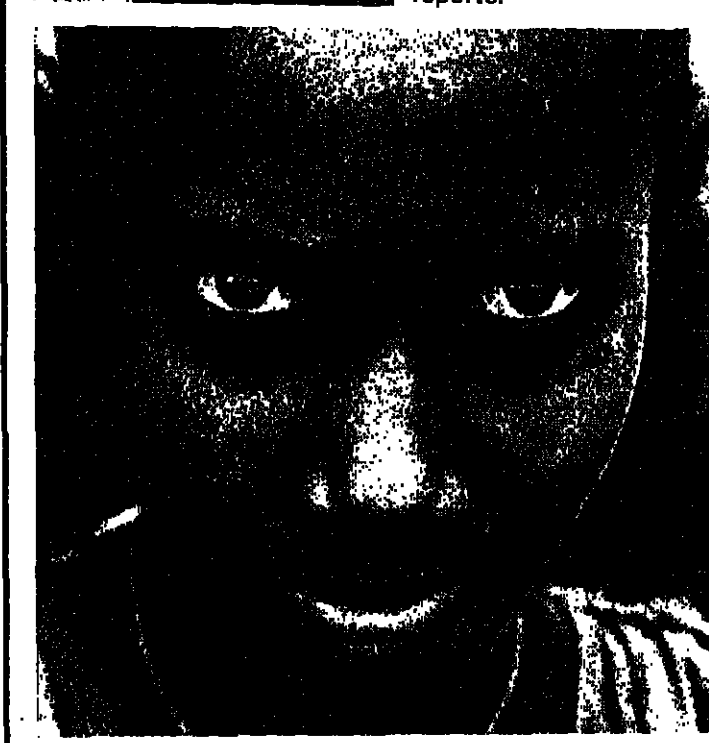
The dozen or so young men and women who returned to Ethiopia, and who were very disillusioned with the Jewish Agency, were influential because they were the most mobile, the young leaders. Their bitterness was quickly picked up by others.

The fact that despite the landmark decision of 1972 there is still doubt ("the decision is really the in-

Unfinished business



The symbolic conversions undergone by arriving Ethiopian Jews are 'more humiliating than spraying them with DDT, as was done to immigrants in the Fifties,' says Yael Kahana (left) who has dealt with the Falasha problem for more than a decade. The Post's LIORA MORIEL reports.



stitutionalization of the doubt about their Jewishness") and that the decision itself calls for the Ethiopians to undergo a symbolic conversion, angers Kahana.

This conversion ("to be on the safe side," as one high-ranking official informed me) calls for the men to undergo bloodletting and for everyone to undergo a ritual bath. "This is worse than spraying them with DDT, as was done to the immigrants of the Fifties. Then, all newcomers, regardless of place of origin, were sprayed. Today, only the Ethiopian Jews are so humiliated."

KAHANA CANNOT remain complacent. She is hurrying for the community with which she spent one of the most important years of her life. "This is very serious. These are the facts: there is an Ethiopian community, there are dark skins. Those who have dark skins. Those who doubt their Jewishness — well, this is their problem."

Two problems, really: religious coercion and outright discrimination.

"There is no doubt in my mind that there is an agreement that all the Ethiopian children will get a religious Jewish education." Why? The idea is that they must catch up on some knowledge, because they were so removed from other Jewish communities for so long.

Kahana feels strongly that they must be given a choice in this matter. "As citizens of Israel, it is inconceivable that they would have

carefully because he is an employee of the Jewish Agency. He is puzzled by the conversion and the alleged reasons for it.

"I don't think conversion is necessary. We are Jews. I don't make an issue of it, because we all undergo it, but I ask myself why."

"We kept the faith more than people here. We kept the laws as written and I don't know why we must convert when we arrive."

Kahana, who was a nonprofessional but most curious and enterprising researcher a decade ago in Ethiopia, records the customs and ceremonies of her long-lost brothers and sisters.

Ironically, she reminisces, she found her Jewish roots, which she had always taken for granted, among these people, for whom Judaism was something precious, something to fight for.

She stresses the fact that there is strictly no intermarriage by Ethiopian Jews.

The Ethiopian immigrants here are also very adamant about this. "There is no contact between Jews and Christians, and one would not marry the other," they say. "The only way a woman would give birth to a baby whose father is not Jewish is rape."

MOREOVER, Ethiopian immigrants say they can trace their ancestors back 20 centuries. "If I can't remember everything, my father does. Everyone can trace his family back two thousand years. And the faith is passed on from generation to generation, from father to son."

So why the conversion? Obviously, this has to do with the heightened sensibilities of the strictly observant sector.

This issue, too, like many in Israel today, splits between the secular and the observant. One does not care at all, the other cares perhaps too severely.

Malca Elbaum, director of the Beersheba absorption centre (Beersheba has absorbed nearly half the Ethiopians who have come) was herself a refugee when she arrived in Israel from Belgium.

Clearly, Elbaum wants the Ethiopians to feel welcome and stay. She agrees that an empirical study must be made to determine if the conversion — and the doubt that it implies — causes psychological scars.

It is true that there is an agreement with the religious authorities that the Ethiopian children go to religious schools — and, on the other hand, a demand for such education, from the immigrants themselves.

The first want to make sure the Ethiopians become proper Jews, while the immigrants themselves want it to preserve their Jewishness....

The problem arises now, because of the more educated, urbanized young men who are coming with secular notions. It is doubtful that they will seek religious schooling for their children.

Says Dominitz: "So long as the children are with us in the absorption centres, we have responsibility for their education and our social workers enrol them in religious schools. When families leave, they can choose for themselves."

Malca Elbaum sees the new immigrants in her charge as part of an ongoing process of absorption which is never easy. "The other immigrants — the Caucasians, Georgians and so on — went through hell, to adjust and be the unaccepted group within the Israeli society. They did not get the massive help the Ethiopians get, but

then again the media did not bother them so extensively.

Kahana agrees that it is the media which blew the saga of Ethiopian absorption out of all proportion. "The institutions are responsive to the Ethiopian immigrants and they are willing to do all they can," she says.

The media, however, are another matter. "The Ethiopians are becoming the victims of scoop-motivated journalists who love sensations. The newspapers build new stereotypes which are very serious, very racist. This is very dangerous."

Kahana pulls out a file of newspaper clippings. She shows me articles with underlined passages which she uses to illustrate her points.

Item: an article about the shelter for battered women in Herzliya. The first sentence mentions a young Ethiopian woman. "Few people read on, and the image remains that Ethiopian women are battered. In fact, this is an extremely rare case."

Item: a television programme about the Ethiopians, which is still causing anger and sadness in the community. The message: Ethiopians are black. "If someone tells them they are black, they are hurt because they have absorbed the American culture enough to be aware of the connotations."

But by far the most damning item is the one which blazed across the dailies recently, claiming that there were six attempted suicides in the Beersheba absorption centre.

KAHANA NOTES that "attempted suicide" is a nebulous term that can mean anything from a wish expressed aloud to a sleeping pill to a foot dangling off a high-storey ledge. Suicide was strictly taboo in Ethiopia.

Last month, however, a young immigrant committed suicide in Ashdod. "This is insignificant statistically, as are six attempts at suicide, even if true," Kahana says. "Like in other instances of public opinion management, people remember that Ethiopians are prone to suicide."

Kahana claims that it was the very sensation-seeking articles which triggered the real suicide. "The young man in Ashdod did not adjust well, he was unemployed and very much alone. But when did he actually commit suicide? A few days after the bombardment in the newspapers about the six alleged suicide attempts, a subject which became the talk of the day among immigrants from Ethiopia."

"In my opinion, these reports gave him, in a certain sense, legitimacy for his act. He was permitted to carry out the deed."

By their nature, the mass media report abnormal events because the public enjoys tragedies, blood, and exotica. So, it is natural that the Ethiopians, who are not outgoing as a rule, will be mentioned only in such sensations.

To make matters more complicated, several Ethiopians have discovered the advantage of media exposure for their woes, thus perpetuating the misconception.

"The process of adjustment is inevitable, difficult and full of hardships," concludes Kahana. "It is a very difficult trail. How can people be helped to suffer less?" This is the question the absorption authorities, the media and the public must ask themselves. Aside from objective factors such as age, education and family relationships, how can the Ethiopians be helped to feel more at home, more accepted, faster and more completely?

And perhaps it is just a matter of time. □

EVEN Professor Carl Jung came with some students from Vienna to see if this bunch in Zurich were really as crazy as people said.

What was their conclusion? "They decided they could learn something from us," says Marcel Janco, the artist, who was one of the bunch. He was a Dadaist, along with Hugo Ball, Richard Huelsenbeck, Jean Arp, Emmy Hennings, and, perhaps the most outrageous of them all — Tristan Tzara, poet and propagandist for the movement. Tzara, originally known as Sammy Rosenstock, was Janco's school friend back in Rumania.

Their performances began in 1916, first at the Cabaret Voltaire and then at the Galerie Dada. They read rhythmic poems simultaneously in different languages, or non-languages; they experimented in music and dance; they had costumes and masks designed by Janco. The Dadaists were fascinated by Africa, by folk art, by the absurd, by anything but the European Establishment.

"Tzara was especially gifted," says Janco. "Whatever was going on, the whole world knew it. Perhaps for the first time, writers could earn their living from their work. The scandals were great. The audience used to come not because they loved our performances, but to see what crazies could do."

The performances that brought tomatoes — and, some say, veal cutlets — flying onto the stage were fuelled by the artists' rage at what Janco calls "the irrational and inauthentic culture of Europe." The culture that led to Verdun, "where they killed people from morning to night." So Dada was chiefly protest, he explains.

Does he believe that art can influence society? Not only that it can influence, he says, but that it is "directly responsible" for society's savagery. "The artist should have provided what was missing in the intelligentsia of those days."

THIS WEEKEND Dada begins its renaissance in Israel, and Janco, close to 90 and still a rebel, is contributing his part. Tonight and tomorrow night, the 1984 version of Cabaret Voltaire will take place at the Janco-Dada Museum in Ein Hod, the artists' colony near Haifa which Janco founded in the '50s. On Sunday and Monday, the programme moves to the Israel Museum in Jerusalem. It coincides with the weekend of Purim, which perhaps shares the no-holds-barred atmosphere of Dada. The celebration is called Tashmadada, after the Hebrew year Tashmad, whose letters form the root of "destruction."

Steve Solomons, director of events at the Israel Museum, says there's something in the national atmosphere that lends itself to Dada. He traces his idea for the cabaret to a specific incident during the height of the Lebanon War in 1982, when the museum was crowded. Solomons overheard a museum employee saying, with pride: "Good Lord, half of Israel is fighting in Lebanon and the other half is fighting to get into the Israel Museum." Says Solomons: "That seemed sick to me."

He started talking to Annabel Meltzer, lecturer in drama, student of Dada, and author of a book on the subject. Two small notices in the newspapers and word-of-mouth inquiries brought them a deluge of interested artists, and the show was on. They have chosen reconstructions of original Dada acts, and some new acts improvised in the



Almost seven decades after he was one of its founders, Marcel Janco is involved in an attempted Israeli renaissance for Dada. MARSHA POMERANTZ reports.

Chaotic revival

spirit of absurdity.

How would the Dadaists respond to the reconstruction of their acts? "They'd say it was absolutely ridiculous," Solomons says.

Half the funding for this stunt comes from the American-Israel Cultural Foundation, and was mobilized by Ami Shayit, director of the board of the Janco-Dada Museum. The other half comes from a private donor recruited by the Israel Museum.

Among the acts: "Jamming to the Shorter Oxford," by Richard and Yaffa Moore; Arie Sachs reading from Lewis Carroll; Yona Wollach, Edith Sitwell, and his own works; Chaim Levano from Holland with "Incantation by Laughter," a film of 80 different faces laughing; a

manifesto by satirist B. Michael; and anti-war poems by Yitzhak Laor. "He's doing non-Dada poems, which is very Dada," says Solomons.

REHEARSALS for two of the acts were under way in South Tel Aviv's half-collapsed Shabazi quarter last week; the only way to find the right house was by the sound of bongos and congas coming out the window.

"Boy, have you got an imagination," said a sceptical neighbour on a bicycle as I tried the patchwork wooden door. Inside were Solomons and Meltzer, with Victor-Ken and Nimrod Rimot on the drums. Meltzer was coaching them through a segment of Tristan Tzara's first play, *La première aventure céleste de M. Antipyrine*, loosely

translated as *Mr. Aspirin's First Celestial Adventure*. Among the characters are M. Crieri, M. Pipi, The Pregnant Woman and Tzara himself. The language is a combination of French and pseudo-African, with stray phonemes wandering among the bracing rhythms.

In addition to the drums, Ken coaxes weird sounds from a Tibetan brass bowl by drawing a wooden stick around the rim, and he plays a ribbed plastic hose that looks as if it lost its vacuum cleaner. Meltzer adds: "He also plays an imaginary bass drum, for those who can't stand the noise."

During a break in the rehearsal, Ken drops his trousers to display the costume he'll wear at the cabaret. It's a body suit printed with a photograph of his body. He had it

done in Amsterdam where he recently spent 10 years juggling, working in films and street theatre. He spent some time in India, but he hasn't been to the Africa of the drumbeats he's producing. He was born in North Africa, he says, and he figures that's close enough. When there's a lull in the conversation, he gets up and walks across the room on his hands.

HOW DID he come to work with Rimot? He'd been told about him in Amsterdam, when he was planning to come back to Israel. But he actually met him by coincidence at a jam session arranged by a mutual friend.

Rimot has a different version. Sitting in the weed-filled courtyard, in the imposing presence of a cast-



(Opposite page) Marcel Janco and Adi Etzion. (Above) Poster advertising the 'Cabaret Voltaire.' (Below) Janco in his Ramat Aviv flat.



(Photos: Daniel Blatt)

off bed frame, he says: "We were at a seance and some African gods were calling up. Victor started talking about drums... No, I'm just kidding. Actually, we went to a friend's bureau factory and got into the elevator and it fell. We talked on the way down."

Which is all to say that he doesn't believe in this business of "promotion" of artistic events in the press. He's a drummer and he drums, and who knows, maybe next week he'll be drumming garbage cans and that's all he has to say about it.

In the middle of the drumming practice, a door opened and out came Michal Barzel in her noise costume. Over a basic black sweater and tight white elastic bands holding down enough toys

and noise-makers to fill a mail-order catalogue. A small plastic globe on her arm, a baby's bottle filled with baubles on her leg, a triangle in the middle of her, a row of artists' plastic paint-brush handles on her chest. There were bunches of clacking shells and jangling keys, two small cymbals between her thighs, castanets under her arm, a sink drain strainer between her shoulder blades and a bicycle horn in her hair. She danced.

Barzel, a painter originally, studied at Bezalel. She later spent a year and a half in England, where she was a member of five different experimental theatre groups at the same time. Most participants were interested in combining theatre, music and film-making — and much of the music was "found sound."

"We wanted to feel in our guts that we were doing everything from scratch," she says. In that way, they felt some kinship with Dada and experiments of the Bauhaus. Since her return from England over two years ago, she has taught art in community centres and worked in marionette theatre. When she heard about the plans for Cabaret Voltaire, she jumped at the opportunity to combine her various media.

UPTOWN in Ramat Aviv, in a room exceptional only for its wall-to-wall Janco originals, Janco is rehearsing with singer Adi Etzion. The artist, in his corduroy trousers, a couple of sweaters, and a black beret, sits in an armchair. Etzion, in a red leotard under a black gown, with a thatch of dyed red hair crowning her own black hair, approaches him, presents him with a bouquet of fake red azaleas, and says, in German, French and Hebrew: "The flowers are black with joy."

The text she's using is a composite invention by the original Dada poets. She recites and sings, climbing up and down a ladder, toying with a red silk scarf. At an appointed time in the performance, Janco will hang a painting on her, and paint her face.

Etzion has often done experimental voice concerts. For a while she worked in Zurich — not far, as it turns out, from the original domain of Dada.

How does Janco explain the sudden interest in Dada in Israel? First of all because of the situation of artists, he says. As in the old days, it's hard to make a living. Besides that, there's the general state of the world, "and what we're suffering here, from the Arabs."

What does Dada, this anti-ideological movement, have to do with the Zionist dream? There's no connection, says Janco. But there is a connection with the absurd.

In fact, he says, the renewed interest in Dada is world-wide. He keeps getting letters and clippings about neo-Dada events in the U.S., Mexico, Peru, and Europe. He recently received a letter from the deputy director of the Sorbonne, suggesting that an international Dada congress be held at Ein Hod. "If we can do that, then Ein Hod will remain on the world intellectual map," he says.

His dream goes even further. "I think that through Dada we can use the museum for cultural ties with the Arabs, Egyptians, Lebanese — artists can communicate better than politicians." He has some ties with Egyptian painters he knew in Paris, and believes more connections can be established directly today, through the embassies. He knows it won't happen tomorrow, but he'd like to see it in the near future.

Meanwhile, he would like the Cabaret Voltaire to become a regular weekly event at Ein Hod. Janco was 21 in the early days of Dada. Is it really possible to remain a Dadaist, a revolutionary, for a whole lifetime?

"I think if you don't want to die, you have to stay young," says Janco. "That's the condition for painting, also. If you get old you can't be a painter. I have the feeling that I haven't aged 100 per cent. Just now I have a cold, but that will pass."

Janco's daughter Dadi (Devorah), who keeps a careful eye on him, comes and puts her cheek against his forehead. "Boiling!" she says. Nothing that can't be cured by a dose of M. Antipyrine.

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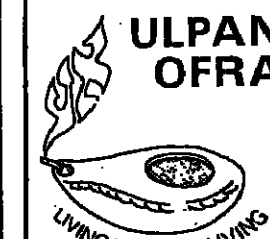
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Shabbat afternoon at the Bzura river, near Lowicz. In centre is Gidal's cousin Gedalia, 'just back from a stay in the police lockup.' On holidays, persons suspected of Communist sympathies were often arrested.



Polish portrait

'Memories of Jewish Poland,' which opens next week at Beth Hatefutsoth, records Nahum (Tim) Gidal's photo-taking visit to that country in 1932.



(Left) Water pump in the Lublin market. (Above) Photographer Gidal took a self-portrait in front of the Lowicz house of Elisk Umber, the tailor, and his wife Gella.

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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

THE CAMERATA TRIO -- With Eli Heifetz, clarinet; Emanuel Gruber, cello; Michael Boguslavsky, piano. With David Chen, violin. Works by Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

CONCERT FOR TWO ORGANS -- E. Grenz, I. Leintrauer (Krauznach). Works by Bach, Sweelinck, Peterszoon, Bianco, Gudmund (Mt. Zion, Dormition Abbey, tomorrow)

THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA -- Conducted by Meni Roskin. Soloist Sheila Armstrong, soprano. Works by Handel, Britten, Mozart, Ginastera (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA -- Conducted by Michel Tabachnik. Soloists Bracha Lieber, Alexander Amir (duo-pianists). Works by Brahms, Mozart, Saint-Saens. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday through Thursday)

MUSIC-LISTENING CIRCLE -- Semdur Carmi. Gibertson on Schubert, Bartok. (Tzavta, Wednesday)

"ETNAHIA" -- Ilan Rechtmann, piano. Works by Mozart, Liszt, Schubert, I. Rechtmann. Prokofiev. (YMCA, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA -- Conducted by Zubin Mehta. Soloists Shlomo Mintz, violin. Works by Rameau, Bach, Haydn (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA -- Conducted by Zubin Mehta. Soloists Pinna Saltzman, piano; Theodore Bikel, folksinger. Light classical music by Sussana, Lavy; folksongs. (Mann Auditorium, Sunday)

ISRAELI MANDOLIN ENSEMBLE -- Conducted by Moshe Jacobson. Works by Pergolesi, Dowland, Morley and others. (Ramat Aviv, Hochmann Hall, Tuesday at 7 p.m.)

VERDI TRIO (U.S.A.) -- violin, clarinet, piano. Works by Kan Vanhal, Khachaturian, Mux Beuch, Beethoven. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

MOZART EVENING -- Israel Chamber Orchestra. Conducted by Fu Tsong, piano. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday)

Haifa

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA -- Conducted by Zubin Mehta. Soloists Milka Jachs, piano; Shlomo Mintz, violin. Works by Y. Wohl, Messiaen, Brahms. (Haifa Auditorium, Monday through Thursday)

CHAMBER MUSIC -- Yael Reindorf, flute; Bracha Feiger, viola; Maria Gibbons, cello; Efrat Lavy-Zackald, harp; Esther Linskell, piano. Works by Bach, Britten, Weber, Beethoven, Debussy. (Haifa Museum, Tuesday)

Others

SARCASTIC CLASSICS -- Purim concert by our artists. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, 57 Ussishkin, tonight at 10 p.m.)

VIOLIN, PIANO CONCERT -- Vera Wodman-Krasovskiy, Emanuel Krasovskiy. Works by Beethoven, Brahms. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA -- (Beerseba, Conservatorium, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday)

PIANO RECITAL -- Yossi Kalichstein. Works by Schumann, Beethoven, Liszt, (Kfar Saba, Yod Lehanin, Monday)

PIANO RECITALS -- Boaz Bickson (Monday); Immar Golan (Tuesday); Yaron Taub (Wednesday); Bach and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, at 9.30 p.m.)

MOZART EVENING -- (Kfar Saba, Yod Lehanin, Tuesday)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA -- Conducted by Urs Schneider. Soloists Rivka Erez-Golan, viola (Canada); Eli Heifetz, clarinet. Works by Mendelssohn, Bruch, Berlioz, (Kiryat Yvron, Yosef, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

THE LAW WILL BE GIVEN AT 6 -- Produced by the Simple Theatre. The play takes place in an old temple. (Khan Theatre, tomorrow, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE RUBBER MERCHANTS -- Cameri Theatre production. A sad story of warped human relations. (Oferat Behar, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE -- British comedy produced by the Yuval Theatre. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ACTORS ACT ACTORS -- Neve Zedeck production. The actor's dreams and ideas vs. daily life. (Neve Zedeck, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

BORDER INCIDENT -- Imaginary meeting between Golda Meir and Raymond Tawil. (Tzavta, Thursday at 5.30, 8.30 p.m.)

EXISTENCE AND ENTERTAINMENT -- Satirical cabaret. Lyrics by Jonathan Geffen, music by Shlomo Gronich. (Tzavta, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

GOOD -- Cameri Theatre production. A German professor becomes an SS officer. (Cameri, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE LOST WOMEN OF TROY -- Hanoch Levin's adaptation of Euripides. Cameri production. (Cameri, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m. Tuesday with simultaneous English translation)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING -- By Shakespeare. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. This version places the action in 1917, with Allenby's entrance into Palestine. (Habimah, Large Hall, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

NIGHT MOTHER -- Produced by the Cameri Theatre. A mother-daughter relationship. (Tzavta, Tuesday, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE PASSION (PRE-PARADISE SORRY NOW) -- By Fassbinder. A couple living in Manchester try to live by their Nazi doctrine. (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

PILLAR OF WOOD -- Selection of political satire. Produced by the Tzavta Theatre. (Tzavta, Monday at 5 p.m.)

TANZI -- Beit Leisn production. The story takes place around the boxing ring. (Beit Leisn, 34 Weltmann, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CAVIALE ELENCHIS -- Neapolitan comedy. Habimah production. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m. Wednesday also at 4.30 p.m.)

DESIRE -- Habimah production. A couple in crisis act out an English social comedy. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE ISLAND -- Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About 2 black political prisoners in South Africa. (Wadi Salib Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others

THE SEAGULL -- By Chekhov. Beerseba Municipal Theatre production. (Beerseba, Beit Ha'am, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)



Jazz pianist Liz Magnes appears in a solo programme of improvisations at the Tel Aviv Museum tomorrow night.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD -- Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Larommc, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; King David, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM -- Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR -- Jean Mark Luxemburg plays classical pieces tomorrow and Wednesday. Marian plays songs on Thursday. (Zorba; 9 Yael Salomon, at 8 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE -- Taste of Israel Dancers. Pa'ama Talmud folk dancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ -- With the Freddie Weisgal Trio. (Hilton, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ CONCERT -- Faculty members and students. (Rubin Academy, Beit Hillel, 4 Balfour, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

JAZZ -- Freddie Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Hladston, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nablus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA -- With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA -- With Selah group. (Israel Center, 10 Strauss, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ARIK SINAL -- Programme of songs. (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; midnight; Monday at 9 p.m.)

E.C.M. JAZZ GROUP -- (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS -- By Moti Giladi. Entertainment programme with singing, dancing and acting. (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 10 p.m.; Beit Hichayal, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.; Sunday at 9 p.m.)

GUITAR HAPPENING -- With flamenco guitarist Baldu Olier and friends. (Beit Leisn, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

A GYPSY BALLAD -- Songs, stories and soul music with Andre Zuehl and his group. (Beit Leisn, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

HABREIRA HATIVIT' -- Selection of their songs. (Neve Zedeck, 6 Yehieli, tomorrow, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER -- Programme of humour and satire. (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.45 p.m.; Nahariel, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.; Beit Hichayal, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ -- Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Plamenca, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Pith, 84-Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

JOE COCKER -- Blues and rock concert. With 6 back-up artists. (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

LIZ MAGNES -- Jazz pianist. Improvisations of Israeli songs. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI AND THE PARVIM -- Romantic songs. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; midnight, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

SATIRE PROGRAMME -- With well-known entertainers. (Beit Leisn, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR -- With well-known musicians. (Beit Leisn, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

Others

APPLES OF GOLD -- See Jerusalem for details. (Hilat, Moriah, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

RAFI KEINAN -- French plus original songs. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, 57 Ussishkin, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO -- Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

THE KING AND THE MOON -- Puppet theatre for ages 4 and above. Stories of kings, princes and children. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Sunday at 10.30 a.m., 12 and 4 p.m.)

THE LAUGHTER MONSTER -- Theatre about a father who looks for his daughter's missing laugh. (Israel Museum, Sunday at 10.15, 11.30 a.m., 3.15, 4.30 p.m.)

OLD KING COLE -- (Khan, today at 2 p.m.)

PETER AND THE WOLF -- Wooden puppets with Eric Smith. For ages 4-8. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday at 4 p.m.)

"PILPILON" -- Play for ages 3-7. (Israel Museum, Monday at 10.15, 11.30 a.m., 3.15, 4.30 p.m.)

THE PRINCESS WHO DIDN'T LAUGH -- Play. (Khan, Monday at 10 a.m., 4 p.m.)

PURIM CARNIVAL -- (Biblical Zoo, Sunday at 11 a.m.)

PURIM PARTY -- (Khan, Sunday at 5 p.m.)

SNOW WHITE -- Puppet theatre. (Train Theatre, Monday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR -- (In English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

STORY HOUR -- A collection of folk tales, plus original stories. (Khan Theatre, Sunday at 11 a.m.)

THE WAY BEHIND THE SHADOW -- Puppet theatre for ages 4-7. The story of a kind monster. (Train Theatre, Monday at 10.30 a.m., noon)

WHO KNOWS THE MAN IN THE WALL? -- Musical puppet show for ages 3-12. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m., 3 p.m.)

WONDERS AND MIRACLES -- By Leah Goldberg. A circus show, with music, acting, acrobatics and more, for ages 6-11. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 10 a.m.)

Tel Aviv area

THE CUCKOO CLOCK -- Ballet. (Nahmani, Sunday at 4.30, 6.30 p.m.)

FROM LAUGH TO LAUGH -- Play. (Beit Leisn, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m., 5 p.m., Sunday at 5 p.m.)

GOLDBLOCKS AND THE 3 BEARS -- (Beit Leisn, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA -- With Yossi Kalichstein, conductor and piano soloist. Presentation of nocturnes and serenades. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday, Thursday at 4.30 and 6 p.m.)

OLD KING COLE -- (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday at 10 a.m., noon, 4.30 p.m.)

PRETTY BUTTERFLY -- Entertainment from the TV series. (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE PRINCESS WHO DIDN'T LAUGH -- (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, tomorrow at 12.30 p.m.)

PURIM CARNIVAL -- (Habshal Haapori, Sunday, Monday at 12.15, 3.30 and 6.45 p.m. Sunday also at 9 a.m.)

PUTTING OUT THE LIGHTS -- Musical. (Tzavta, Monday at 11 a.m.)

Haifa

THE CUCKOO CLOCK -- (Beit Abba Khushy, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

OLD KING COLE -- (Haifa Theatre, Monday at 11.45 a.m., 4 and 6 p.m.)

Others

ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA -- (Kfar Saba, Yod Lebanin, Tuesday at 5.30 p.m.)

DANCE

Jerusalem

CRUCIFIED WOMAN -- Dance, theatre and sculpture with El Dor-Cohen (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

NETTA FLOTZKY -- "Life among Forms," theatre in movement. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 9 p.m.)

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

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JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ON/O in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri., March 16:
Double Feature/ Ticket:
BABY LOVE 2.30
LE CHOIX DES ARMES 4
Sat., March 17:
WIZARD OF OZ 6.30
BABY LOVE 8
Double Feature/ Ticket:
ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW 9.30
HAIR II
Sun., March 18:
PINOCCHIO 4.30
WIZARD OF OZ 6
BABY LOVE 7.30
Pierrot Live
Double F. Ticket:
ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW 9
HAIR II
Mon., March 19:
LITTLE PRINCE 3
WIZARD OF OZ 4.30
PINOCCHIO 6
LE CHOIX DES ARMES 7.30
A STAR IS BORN 9.15
Tue., March 20:
GHANDI 6
A STAR IS BORN 9
Wed., March 21:
PINOCCHIO 4.30
WIZARD OF OZ 6
GHANDI 8
Thur., March 22:
LITTLE PRINCE 5
LOCAL HERO 7, 9.15

EDEN CRIME FIGHTERS

Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

2nd week
THE LORD OF DISCIPLINE
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Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRA

Israeli film
BIG LAUGH

* YEHUDA BARKAN
Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
On Wed. 2nd performance with participation of film's actors

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Tue. 6.30
CABARET

KFIR

4th week
Israeli film
OPERATION STREIMEL

Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL

4th week
REAR WINDOW

Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 7, 9.15

ORION

3rd week
TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORNA

Tel. 224733
THE KNOCKOUT COP

Sat. 7, 9; weekdays 4, 7, 9
Sun. 15.20

RON

4th week
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE

Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9.15

SEMADAR

6th week
FLASHDANCE

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SMALL AUDITORIUM
BINYENI HA'UMA SVEN

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Weekdays 7, 9

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THE DAY AFTER

Over 100 million have seen the most talked about film in the world!
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.10, 9.30
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BEN-YEHUDA

BIG LAUGH
("Candid Camera")
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30, 11.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOH JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

7th week
THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL

Sun., Thur. 8.30

CINEMA ONE

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Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
STAYING ALIVE

Tonight 10; REAR WINDOW

CLASS

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4th week
CONVERSATION PIECE

Film by LUCIANO VISCONTI
* BURT LANCASTER
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30
Mat. 4.30; KRULL
Directed by Peter Katos

DEKEL

7th week
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
TO BE OR NOT TO BE

* MEL BROOKS
* ANNE BANCROFT
* "Smashingly Funny, Brooks and Bancroft are terrific" (N.Y. Times)

DRIVE-IN

Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
SAHARA

Tonight Sat. and weekdays at midnight: Sex Film

ESTHER

5th week
LE MARGINAL

* JEAN PAUL BELMONDO
7.15, 9.30

GORDON

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Israeli Premiere
NARAYANA

Winner of 1st Prize Cannes Film Festival
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CHEN 1

2nd week
Tonight 9.45, 12.15
Sat. 7, 9.35
Weekdays 4.20, 7, 9.35

CHEN 2

2nd week
Tonight 9.55, 12.15
Sat. 11 a.m., 7.10, 9.40
Weekdays 4.35, 7.10, 9.40
Sun., Mon. 11, 2

CHEN 3

8th week
Tonight 9.50, 12.10
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

CHEN 4

2nd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN 5

6th week
Tonight 10, 12.15; Sat. 7.20, 9.35
Weekdays 4.30, 7.20, 9.35

CHEN 6

11 a.m.; Sun., Mon. 11, 2:
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CHEN 18

11 a.m.; Sun., Mon. 11, 2:
TUE., WED., THUR. 10.30, 1.30
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Israeli Premiere
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Imagine a machine that records feelings, emotions, even your hopes and dreams. And imagine that it can transfer these experiences from one mind to another...

CHEN 1

2nd week
Tonight 9.45, 12.15
Sat. 7, 9.35
Weekdays 4.20, 7, 9.35

CHEN 2

2nd week
Tonight 9.55, 12.15
Sat. 11 a.m., 7.10, 9.40
Weekdays 4.35, 7.10, 9.40
Sun., Mon. 11, 2

CHEN 3

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CHEN 17

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TEL AVIV STAR TREK II — WRATH OF KHAN

Tonight 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

13th week
MUDDY RIVER

Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON

4th week
Film by Ingmar Bergman
FANNY AND ALEXANDER

Tonight at 10, Sat. 8.30, 9
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE

BLUE LAGOON
4, 6.45, 9

ARMON

2nd week
THE LORD OF DISCIPLINE

* DAVID KEITH
4, 6.45, 9
No complimentary tickets

ATZMON

FORT APACHE THE BRONX
4, 6.45, 9

CHEN

8th week
YOL
4, 6.30, 9

FRENCH CULTURAL CENTRE

CINEMATHEQUE
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Mon. 9.30
QUE LA BÊTE MEURE

MORIAH

STAR CHAMBER
* MICHAEL DOUGLAS
* JOSEPH COTTON
* SHARON GLASS
6.45, 9

ORAH

3rd week
EDUCATING RITA

* JULIE WALTERS
* MICHAEL CAINE
4, 6.45, 9

ORLY

5th week
I LOVE YOU CARMEN
6.45, 9

PEER

2nd week
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE

* GERARD DEPARDEUX
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

RON

BIG LAUGH
* YEHUDA BARKAN
* MOSHE TIMOR
4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT

BIG LAUGH
* YEHUDA BARKAN
* MOSHE TIMOR
6.45, 9

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR

Mar. 4 JUNGLE BOOK

ILUY

3rd week
EDUCATING RITA

Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

OASIS

2nd week
STAYING ALIVE

Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

ORDEA

Israeli Premiere
BIG LAUGH
("Candid Camera")
* YEHUDA BARKAN

RAMAT GAN

7th week
7.15, 9.30
TO BE OR NOT TO BE

HERZLIYA Cinemas

DAVID
BIG LAUGH
("Candid Camera")
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TIFERT

RETURN OF THE JEDI
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30
Sun., Mon. 10.30
Two films for the price of one.

ANNIE

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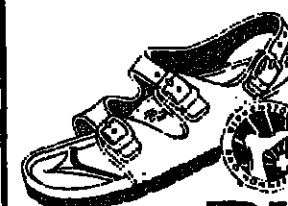
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هكذا من الضمير

This Week in Israel • The JERUSALEM MUSEUMS

this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

MASTER DRAWINGS FROM THE UFFIZI GALLERY (From March 13 for two months only) An extraordinary show of 60 drawings by Italian masters of the 16th and 17th centuries, focusing on the Renaissance, Mannerism and the Baroque, and including among others Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Tintoretto. Through the show lent by the renowned Uffizi Gallery, Florence, Italy, the Israel Museum is honoured to participate in its 40th anniversary celebration. This show is held within the framework of the cultural agreement between Italy and Israel. (Barbara and Isidore M. Cohen Graphic Gallery) Small Scale Modern Sculpture from the Museum Joseph Zaritsky — Oil paintings and aquarelles. This show is held within the framework of the cultural agreement between Italy and Israel. (Barbara and Isidore M. Cohen Graphic Gallery) Art Looks at Art: Dr. Erieh Salomon — From a Photographer's Life (until March 17) Ori Reisman — Paintings Tom Seidmann Freud — Illustrations of children's books (courtesy of Dubek, Ltd) Soraps — creating home theater sets and greeting cards (courtesy of Marianne and Walter Grossman, London) RYORAM MEROSI: "HAPPY MOMENTS (OPERA)" (From March 20) A new series of paintings using industrial paints on wood, by one of the prominent artists of the younger generation Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology Kadish Barnes — a fortress from the Judean Kingdom (Rockefeller Museum) How to Study Part (Rockefeller Museum) Special exhibit — Gold Coins of Israel, King of Asum c. 540 C.E.

EVENTS

"CABARET VOLTAIRE" Sunday, March 18 and Monday March 19 at 20.30 — Purim TASHMADADA The party of the year. Stars, artists and performers from Israel, Holland, USA and Australia...and with the participation of Marcel Jaco. Orchestra and dancing; wine and prizes. Only 200 places. To book phone 698213 DADA PERFORMANCE AND FILMS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY Sunday, March 18 and Monday March 19, 10.00—17.00 In various places around the Museum (no charge) **THE LAUGHTER MONSTER** Sunday, March 18 at 10.15, 11.30, 15.15 and 16.30 The Simple Theatre presents a colourful show that illustrates the actors work and the fascinating world of theatre; with audience participation. Written and directed by Shmuel Hassafri. For ages 5-10 **PILPIL ON** Monday, March 19 at 10.15, 11.30, 15.15 and 16.30 The Beit Hagafen Theatre, Haifa, presents this story of a little elephant who wanders through the jungle to find answers to his questions. Puppets, costumes and stage design: Arik Smith. For ages 3-7 **Purim at the Ruth Youth Wing** Mon., March 19, 10.30—14.00: Workshops, adventures, Youth Wing clowns, puppets, portrait painter, closed-circuit TV **FILM** Tuesday, March 20 at 18.00 and 20.30 **CABARET (USA 1972)** Dir: Bob Fosse; with Lisa Minelli, Joel Grey and Michael York **CHILDREN'S FILM** Wednesday, March 21 at 15.30 **CHOMPS — The Million Dollar Dog** **CHILDREN'S STORY HOUR** Wednesday, March 21 at 18.00 For 7-9 year olds, with children's participation (in English) **CONCERT** Saturday, March 24 at 20.30 **AN EVENING OF SCHUBERT** With the Bear Sheva Duo, pianists Sara Fuxon and Bart Berman **GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH** Museum: Sun., Wed., Fri. at 11.00; Tues. at 16.30 Rockefeller Museum: every Friday at 11.00 Archaeology Galleries: Sunday, March 19 at 15.00 **RUTH YOUTH WING** The recycling project is open Tuesday 18.00 to 20.00. The project encourages creative use of waste materials. For further information about Youth Wing activities, please call 02-633278 **VISITING HOURS OF THE MUSEUM:** Sun., Mon., Wed. and Thurs. 10.00—17.00; Tues. 16.00—22.00; Fri. Sat. 10.00—14.00 **SHRINE OF THE BOOK:** Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00 **BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN:** Sun., Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00 **ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM:** Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. 10.00—17.00; Fri. and Sat. 10.00—14.00 **LIBRARY HOURS:** Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11.00 to 13.00; Tues. 16.00 to 20.00 **TICKETS FOR SATURDAY.** Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv—Rocooco, Etzion, Le'an and Castel; Jerusalem—Kle'im Museum is located on Ruppel Street, Tel. (02) 688211.

DESPITE ISRAEL'S current recession, or perhaps because of it, most of the country's active independent film distributors were in Los Angeles this week attending the American Film Market. Statistics from the first two months of 1984 already indicate that after two years of very conspicuous consumption, the public is watching its money more carefully than ever before. Movie tickets may be worth less in dollar terms, but buying them now takes a more significant chunk out of the monthly salary. As a result, the trend, which began during the video craze, continues today: ticket sales are on the decline, and the public is so choosy that movies are either total flops or major hits.

According to the Cinema Owners' Association, ticket sales were way below 1982's record low. Attendance in December were 50 per cent less than in December 1982. To keep the most important U.S. and European movies arriving here within months, instead of years, after their international premieres, Israeli distributors have had to ask American and European producers to scale down their royalty demands.

To make matters worse, the Ministry of Industry and Trade has scrapped from its new budget the subsidy traditionally given to Israeli movies in the form of a return on each ticket sold, which had reached the amount of IS40. Appeals have been made to Minister Gideon Patt, but if he does not reverse the official decision, all Hebrew-language films screened after April 1 will be affected.

At least 10 features, all produced last year on budgets based on the subsidy, are awaiting release. Four more will be ready in the immediate future. The subsidy totals only \$250,000 in real terms, but has contributed a great deal to the development of the Hebrew-language cinema, plagued though it is by limited audiences and high production costs.

FOUR FILMS are currently in production. Both *Drifting Cities* and *Atalia* are housed at Jerusalem Capital Studios (JCS), which only opened its cinema branch 10 months ago. *Drifting Cities*, the first fruit of Omri Maron's many scouting trips abroad, is a co-production of Greek Television's ERT-1 channel, French Television's TF-1 channel, and JCS. The made-for-television trilogy, based on a novel by Stratis Tarkas, is set in Jerusalem, Cairo and Alexandria during World War II, when Rommel was threatening Egypt. The Jerusalem part focuses on the spies, secret and double agents, politicians and racketeers who mingle with the refugees from Europe and elsewhere. Yorgos Chorafas plays a young Communist who has escaped from Greece and joined the underground in Jerusalem. Juliana Samarine plays the young wife of an Austrian diplomat manipulated by the British and Marina Vlady, a French double agent.

Because JCS is not only providing services to the French and Greek TV networks, but has also invested money in the series, producer Maron will have the right to sell the *Drifting Cities* in all non-French-speaking countries.

While its cast and crew are filming in Greece, JCS has begun production of its first Hebrew-language feature. *Atalia* is the story of a romance between a 40-year-old woman and a 19-year-old boy, set against the background of kibbutz life. The script was adapted from the novel by Yitzhak Ben-Ner.

Empty houses

BETWEEN ACTS

Director Akiva Tevet has worked previously as assistant to Avraham Hefner and Uri Barabash, as well as to Michal Bat-Adam, who is the star of this film.

JCS hopes to begin production of a second Hebrew-language feature as soon as *Atalia* is completed. *A Very Narrow Bridge*, to be directed by Nissim Dayan, was written by Dayan together with Haim Hefner, and is slated to star Makram Khoury, the Israeli Arab actor who played the lead in Dayan's TV serial, *Michel Ezra Safra and Sons*. It is the story of a lawyer who, while doing his reserve duty as an army prosecutor in Ramallah, falls in love with a Christian Arab girl from the West Bank. Also filming now is *The Bride*, based on a novel by Ladislav Grossman. Grossman, who wrote *Shop on Main Street*, recipient of the 1965 Best Foreign Film Oscar, immigrated to Israel after the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968.

The Bride is being produced by Ya'acov Kotsky along the lines of his previous movie, *The Last Winter* — locally, but in English and with an American star. Flown in to play the lead in the Czech story was Lisa Hartman, the Texas-born actress currently seen weekly in the U.S. in the TV sitcom *Knot's Landing*.

She recently completed her first movie, a 1980s version of the Connie Francis/Yvette Mimieux *Where the Boys Are*. Hartman, who will soon cut her fourth record album, worked with a UCLA dialogue coach to get the southwest inflections out of her voice before beginning work on *The Bride*.

Directed by Nadav Levitan, whose first effort was *Intimate Story*, the movie also stars English actors Rosemary Leach, Stanley Lebor, John Grillo, Barry Angel and Avril Elger. Most of the top technicians are also British. The interiors are all being shot in Israel, but for the final 10 days cast and crew will move to Austin.

ACTOR PAUL SMITH is in town awaiting the Tel Aviv opening of *Operation Strelnel*. It's been a decade or more since Smith made a Hebrew-language feature, and one might ask why, after starring in such international productions as *Midnight Express*, *Popeye*, *Dune*, and *XYZ Murders*, would he bother with a low-budget adventure by a novice director.

Says Smith: "Thirteen years ago I acted in and directed *Jocko and the Girls* for Michael Shvili. His then 10-year-old son used to come and ask me about shooting angles and editing techniques; he was making 8mm. movies. Micha told me: 'One day my Beni is going to be a director.' I said: 'Call me when he does his first film.'"

"I had just completed the \$45m. sci-fi *Dune* in Mexico City when the phone rang. 'Where are you?' asked Micha. Shvili. 'Beni's going to direct.'"

Smith had exactly three weeks before he was to begin work on *XYZ* in Detroit. Accompanied by his life companion Eve Knoller, he flew to Israel that night. Beni Shvili, who not only directed but photographed *Strelnel* whisked him

from the airport to the production offices. Smith, who worked gratis, returned after *XYZ* to attend the film's Jerusalem opening. *Strelnel* is set to open at the Studio in Tel Aviv, which is now playing *Educating Rita*.

BARBRA STREISAND is due in Israel on March 30, leading the American Friends of Hebrew University's 7th Caravan. Streisand was chosen as the organization's 1984 Scopus Laureate.

The Caravan will leave Los Angeles on March 26 with 30 couples, including Vidal Sassoon and Jan Murray. After attending the London premiere of Barbra's film *Yentl*, they will fly to Israel, spending the weekend in Jerusalem. On Sunday, April 1 they will be in Tel Aviv for the Israel premiere of *Yentl* at the Shahaf (\$50 a ticket) and a gala dinner in aid of the Hebrew University hosted by the Tel Aviv Friends (\$200 a plate).

Barbra has endowed a building at the university in the name of her father, Emanuel, a scholar and educator who died when she was a baby. She has already endowed a Streisand Professorship of Cardiology and an Emanuel Streisand School at the Pacific Jewish Centre in Santa Monica, Cal. The gala will be held under the patronage of U.S. Ambassador Samuel Lewis and wife Sallie. Executives from MGM/United Artists Studios, who are releasing the film, are expected to take part.

AN EGYPTIAN COURT has not yet made a final decision on the Cinema Union's suit against Columbia Pictures over the latter's alleged "distortions" in the TV mini-series *Sadat*.

The judges are due to view the four-hour film tomorrow. They then are expected to decide quickly on the request to fine Columbia a nominal 101 Egyptian pounds for "distorting important historical facts and misleading the public." They also may rule on the Cinema Union's request to impose two-year jail terms, in absentia, on Columbia chairman Pat Williamson, producers Dan Blatt and Robert Singer, and director Robert Michaels. The inclusion in the suit of scriptwriters Jethry Williams and Bud Isaacs, puzzles Hollywood observers, since the script was written by Lionel Chetwynd.

The case was submitted to the Abdeen criminal court, presided over by Judge Issam Farid, though no actual law had been broken. The court took the case on the basis that the film was anti-Egyptian and harmful to Moslems. Sa'ad ed-din Wahba, head of the Cinema Union, said the prime purpose of taking Columbia to trial was to "give a lesson to filmmakers all over the world. In future, they will know they should consult with authorities when making movies that touch on the history of a country and the feelings of its citizens."

According to the Union's lawyer, Dr. Shavki el-Said, the makers of *Sadat* took advantage of the late president's name and reportedly misled international TV audiences about the characters of Gamal Abdul Nasser and King Farouk.

ARIK EINSTEIN this week released his newest LP, *Nostalgia* which is the fifth volume of his *Good Old Eretz Yisrael* series. The new album is a mixture of new and old songs, among them *Leil Stav*, *Od Nipagesh*, *Li Yelach*, and *Ayelet Ahavim*, which is sung together with Yehudit Ravitz.

THE PROGRAMME somewhat pompously announces a "world premiere as a theatre performance."

What is meant is that *Cascando* was originally written as a radio play by Samuel Beckett (in 1963), and the Israeli director Tami Lederer has recently adapted it for the stage, with the approval of Beckett himself, and with the assistance of Tel Aviv's Institut Francais.

It is being staged at Hasimtah (The Alley) in Old Jaffa, and the actors are Miriam Nevo as The Voice, and a trio consisting of flute, cello and guitar.

Let us take the radio play first. It is one of several "voice dramas" written by Beckett after the great plays that made him famous, and it deals with the same general subject.

To define the subject is difficult, since works of art such as this are open to different interpretations.

On the face of it this is a story about story-telling, without having a real story to tell. It may be about writing and the writer's profession, but it may also be about life and death and what has been called (concerning Beckett's writings) "the difficulty of dying."

Someone in the play tells us that he (in the original piece it is a man) wants to make an end: just one more (story? year? effort?) and then enough, peace, rest.

To my mind, Beckett in this play identifies life with sounds, and exemplifies the variations of life, its long road towards death, by the "conversations of words and music" (*Words and Music* is the title of his radio play).

Cascando, an Italian word, may mean stumbling, falling down a slope — which is what "happens" in

Better on radio



Miriam Nevo is The Voice in 'Cascando,' a 'vocal drama' by Samuel Beckett.

THEATRE

Uri Rapp

the fragmented story told by The Voice; it may also mean diminishing volume, decreasing tempo, and in this sense it was the title of one of Beckett's poems, written almost 30 years earlier. Both meanings come together if we assume that life is words and death the rather inconsequential end of the "story."

The STORY in the play, rather incoherently told, is about an old man who leaves his hut at nightfall, stumbles down a slope, falls down and gets up repeatedly, and finally gets

into a boat without tiller and oars and drifts away.

It is not clear what relation the story-teller has to this man, if he identifies with him or not; but perhaps this is Everyman (though he has a name, Maunu in French, Woburn in English).

The important thing is the telling which accompanies the "action." In 1949 Beckett said of his art, in a dialogue: "The expression that there is nothing to express, nothing with which to express, nothing from which to express, no power to express, no desire to express, together with the obligation to express."

For a man with such a nihilistic view of life he seems to express himself marvellously well. A hard-working writer like Beckett has not

only the obligation but also the compulsion to tell his tale, and *Cascando* is a succinct and impressive "expression" of this compulsion.

The structure of the radio play has another interesting feature. In addition to The Voice and the Music, there is another voice, called The Opener, who "opens" and "closes," thereby directing The Voice and the Music. He is the one who is compelled to tell a story but lets The Voice tell it.

THIS IS vintage Beckett and must be quite impressive when presented on the radio.

Transferring it to the visual stage, however, has its advantages and disadvantages. The positive value is the use of light and darkness, fading in and out, in addition to sound and silence — and this was done well.

But the negative aspects weigh much heavier than this: the temptation to rely on stage business instead of the modulation of voice was too strong for Lederer and Nevo. There is so much jumping up and down, climbing chairs, changing chairs, overturning them, and so many facial gestures that it detracts from the real content of the play. Instead of making an effort to listen carefully to a relatively difficult text, and to follow an incoherent tale in the spirit of the text, one just looks at the actress rushing about and melodramatizing the play.

The feminization of the play — both The Voice and Maunu have been turned into women — is the privilege of the adapter and director, though I don't see what is achieved by it.

I also do not think that Jazz is the best choice of music for the other part of the conversation. But what is unpardonable is the elimination of

The Opener. This moderator's text is spoken in this performance by The Voice, and the whole sense of the play is lost. I for one did not understand the meaning of The Opener's words until I had occasion to read the original text.

Anyway, after seeing a performance like this, one asks oneself what is so great about Samuel Beckett.

ON THE SAME evening another short play was shown: Jean-Paul Sartre's *Intimacy*, adapted for the stage by Michael Almaz, directed by Tami Lederer.

This is a story about two women who are good friends but very different from each other, and their complicated relations with men. Butsheva Zelsler and Shifra Milstein do a competent job of acting, but I am not sure that the effort is worthwhile. The philosophical attitudes that pervade all of Sartre's writings do not come through. What is left is a psychologized tale of women and their woes — a typical French story; if you've heard one, you've heard a hundred.

Let me conclude with a general remark: French theatre has been grossly neglected by the Israeli stage. There is no end to the plays written in French, by great, by good and by competent writers. Instead of drawing on this treasure store the group has made adaptations, one from a radio play and one from a short novel, and thereby diminished both of them without contributing anything new to the theatre. Why should people of the theatre insist on writing plays when they can't even invent a story line? A little more respect for writers might be a good thing.

This Week in Israel • The Leading Tourist Guide • This Week

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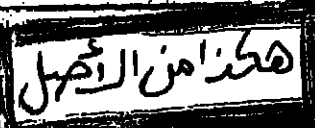
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Old Cocker

ROCK, ETC./Michal Yudelman

A SIZZLING spring is awaiting us with Joe Cocker coming for a series of performances following his huge success here last year, and that's just the beginning. Cocker, whose first performance is on March 20 (all the tickets for it have been sold, I hear) was called the best singer of all time by Bob Dylan.

Certainly, anyone who has ever seen a performance of his will never forget it. Cocker's interpretations of other singers' and songwriters' songs are infused with feeling, meaning and soul. The songs are often made famous and remembered because of Cocker's version. Examples include "I Get By With A Little Help From My Friends," "Seven Days," "The Letter," "Delta Lady," and "I'll Cry Instead."

Although his career seemed to collapse in the late '70s, Cocker, nearing his 40th birthday, has made quite a comeback, establishing himself once again as the most convincing soul-rock singer ever to come out of Britain. In anticipation of his visit to Israel, the General

Music Company is releasing three of his albums: *With A Little Help From My Friends*, *Joe Cocker* and *Space Captain*.

HOT ON Cocker's tracks and just in time for Pessah comes another rock superstar. This is — are you ready? — Elton John, who will be giving a single performance at the Ramat Gan football stadium. Elton is coming with a huge orchestra, his new wife, two pianos, and eight containers full of equipment. His show here will be the first in a tour that takes him to Communist-bloc and other European countries.

SOMETIME in the '70s a whole bunch of tapes of live performances by the Doors was lost. The popular rock group dispersed in the early '70s, not long after the death of its star Jim Morrison, leaving very little by way of unreleased material.

Years later, the missing tapes were discovered; and the remaining band members and producer Paul Rothchild recently released *Alive She Cried*, compiled of tapes span-



Joe Cocker: near 40 but still an attraction.

ning a three-year period. The songs on this album, not repeating any of the titles from the Doors' *Absolutely Live* album, consist of some of the group's most electrifying performances, including Van Morrison's classic "Gloria" and "Light My Fire."

When you hear the hard-rock economy of "Love Me Two Times" and "You Make Me Real" you realize that rock may have taken many strange turns since the '60s and early '70s, but never surpassed the real pros. As the sheet inside the jacket notes, kids in garages and basements everywhere still learn how to rock by hammering out homemade versions of "Gloria" and "Light My Fire."

Thirteen years after it first hit the market, Van Morrison's *Moodance* album has now been released locally by the General Music Company. This classical rock album even surpasses Morrison's *Astral Weeks*, which was released in 1968 and is still selling steadily. You would never guess, if you were to hear it for the first time today, that *Moodance* is 13 years old, so powerful and contemporary does the music sound. The outstanding tracks in this excellent album are the bewitching "Moodance," "Brand New Day," "Come Running" and "Into the Mystic," a track as finely constructed as any in the history of rock music.

OTHER recent releases worth mentioning are Roxy Music's *The Atlantic Years* (Phonokol), spanning songs from 1973 to 1980: ideal for fans of this group who do not have the albums containing these songs already; Musical Youth's *Different Style* (CBS), which proves that this youth is not only extremely musical but very talented as well — an album bursting with energy and rhythm; DeBarge's *In A Special Way* (Eastwings) another result of the increased production on Motown's 25th anniversary, which has already brought us albums by hit makers such as Diana Ross, Lionel Richie and The Temptations this year.

The sublime and the ridiculous

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

IT IS ALL my fault. As usual, I opened my big trap too wide. A couple of weeks ago, I went out on a limb to praise Television House for bringing us a second round of *Yes, Minister*.

Perhaps it is my paranoia showing, but I suspect that the word flashed around Television House, a place which hates television critics, that here was a chance to hit back at Philip Gillon by summarizing the comedy he adored.

So far, so bad. But worse was to follow. If they had limited their attack on me to getting rid of the minister and his staff, I might have endured it with the stoicism engendered by many setbacks in my life. But then they struck a vicious blow, not only at me but at all TV viewers, by replacing the exquisite British wit with an American exorcism, called *Filthy Rich*. *Filthy* it certainly is; rich it is not.

This was an abomination in the sight of the Lord from which the entire nation must have suffered torments. What fiend in human shape, what enemy of the people, chose this abhorrence? I search *Roger's Thesaurus* for words strong enough to encapsulate the reactions provoked by this monstrosity, this golem. Repugnance, disgust, nausea, loathing, aversion, antipathy, horror, hatred, detestation — all these words are far, far too mild to describe how decent men

and woman must react to *Filthy Rich*.

Many Hollywood films give the impression that they are written, produced, directed and acted by half-witted children below the age of 12; but at least these are good-natured children trying to please their fellows. *Filthy Rich* must have been designed by some malign creature from outer space who has taken to producing films as a means of driving humans mad prior to destroying them.

At any time I would have objected to his abomination. But there is a special sort of subtle and exquisite cruelty, reminiscent of the Marquis de Sade at his most malevolent, in putting it on in place of something as good as *Yes, Minister*.

Readers may wonder why I did not just switch over to Jordan's Saturday night film, or else turn off

our usual Sunday night film with a French so-called "entertainment," *Les Compagnons de la Chanson*. This followed a long documentary about life on a Chinese collective, thus making Sunday night as dreary a night as one could dread to spend.

I am sure that it is my own fault that I am not enthralled by the prolonged series we are enduring about China under the Communists. I know that there are over 1,000 million Chinese in the world, that they will ultimately inherit the earth, that their cooking can be wonderful, that their women are very beautiful and that their children are adorable. But I still do not accept that they should usurp our television screens on nights on which we want escapism.

Generally, I detect sinister signs that our enemies in Television House are out to broaden our minds. A French entertainment, a documentary about China and a German film — the danger is manifest. Surely they realize that, just as the currency of this country is dollars, and not francs or marks, so its language is English, or, at least, American?

So I offer up a prayer to those who have absolute power over our evenings to think of the impact made by 30 minutes of news of our military, diplomatic, political, economic and social disasters, and to provide us with escapes from

reality via comedies and fiction. We know that life is real and life is earnest, but we do not need to get the realism in such massive doses.

LAST FRIDAY night we were given exactly the kind of medicine the doctor should have ordered, *Hot Rock*, featuring Robert Redford. It had no aspirations to be a great film, but it was very tense and amusing, with surprises right until the last minute. Most of our films, however, are low grade B movies with nothing to commend them.

I wonder who selects them, how he does so, and why? I know that teams go to international television fairs on the hunt for material. Do they view everything they order, or do they just buy a job lot of American, English, French and German films provided the prices are right, with their eyes on their budget rather than on the programmes themselves?

Admittedly, I know that the grass on the other side of the fence always looks greener, but I still think that Jordan TV seems to select better films than Israel does. Why do we never have anything that is clearly a class, and intellectually intriguing, as well as absorbing. For instance, Jordan is running *The Jewel in the Crown* (Tuesday, 9.10 p.m.), about the dying days of the raj in India. It is a great pity that not all Israelis can see it.

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1. Opening ceremony of the exhibition: Memories of Jewish Poland — 1932. Photographs: Dr. Nachum (T.) Gidal. The exhibition is presented to mark the 76th birthday of Dr. Tim Gidal. Following the opening ceremony, Dr. Gidal will lecture in English on: Photography and Society, Mon. 19.3 at 7 pm.
2. 40th Anniversary of the Conquest of Hungary by the Nazis. A meeting in memory of the Hungarian Jewish Community (in coop. with the Public Council for the Heritage of Hungarian Jewry). With Prof. J. Tishby, H. Gouri, I. J. Kest. Moderator: J. Lapid, Tues. 20.3 at 8.30 pm.
3. The Court Jews. A discussion on Leon Feuchtwanger's Jew Suss. With Prof. S. Aharonson, Dr. M. Friedman, Dr. D. Porat. Extracts from the film "Jew Suss" will be screened during the evening, Wed., 21.3 at 8.30 pm.

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YOU don't have to be an authority on Ingmar Bergman to see that *Fanny and Alexander* puts together in one compact package all the themes and traumas that have been recurring in the films of this great Swedish director for many years. There is art versus life; Protestant fanaticism looms threateningly over peace of mind; faith is a matter of great importance; relations between parents and children are widely discussed; and the shadow of death, as a transient or permanent state, is brought back into the foreground.

But, unlike his previous films, *Fanny and Alexander* gives us a Bergman whose disposition is almost sunny. After having plunged into abject despair and gone through periods when everything — life, love, faith, trust and humanity — seemed to him to be futile, too brittle and unreliable to lean on, he now sees light at the end of the tunnel.

Maybe it is just a question of age. Like another grand old master before him, Luis Buñuel, Bergman seems to have reached the age of serenity, when one no longer wants to change the world but accepts it on its own terms, sometimes amused, sometimes saddened, but always with a degree of wonder at the marvellous mechanism that keeps going in spite of the fact that there is apparently nothing right about it.

Indeed, watching *Fanny and Alexander*, a mammoth of a film, three hours and 10 minutes long (the term "compact" used above is relative), the first impression is of a gush of sympathy Bergman feels for his characters, all of them imperfect and flawed, and all of them magnificent because they are so human. Anyone who goes through the entire script of the film, originally a five-hour TV series, will find that these characters are even better rounded and completed in the full version; if you then return to the theatrical version edited by Bergman himself, you will feel you are watching a compact, sometimes even too abbreviated, motion picture.

Fanny and Alexander are the children of a theatrical manager in a Swedish provincial town, and most of the story is told through their eyes. Their mother is a successful actress; the period is the turn of the century. It starts with Alexander peering into a puppet stage (like von Sydow in *Through a Glass Darkly*), and it ends with their mother and grandmother deciding to play Strindberg on the stage. The grand-mother (on their father's side) is the matriarch of a whole clan in this movie (shades of *Smiles of a Summer Night*); she was also a great actress once; she left the stage after she married.

THE STAGE is a major presence throughout the film (even more so in the TV series), and the function of the artist in relation to real life is brought up several times. But what is considered at first as a means of escaping from everyday drudgery and misery, an imaginary better world for the audience to hide in for a while, becomes in the final sequence an absolute necessity, the only valid way of preserving emotional balance and bearing life as it is.

Then there is the running feud that Bergman has with religion, a sort of love-hate relationship which has been highlighted in such classics as *The Seventh Seal*. Here again he has the children's father die in the first third of the film, and their mother, doubtful of what art could offer her and in desperate need of moral support, chooses to marry the local bishop.

This character, a reflection of Bergman's own father, is a symbol of

Bergman's art, Brooks' craft



Ewa Fröling and Mona Malm in a scene from Ingmar Bergman's new film, 'Fanny and Alexander.'

CINEMA Dan Fainaru

man's first colour comedy. ... And Now About All These Women.

DEATH has never been too far away from any Bergman movie, however happy it is purported to be. In *Cries and Whispers* it was the main subject of the film; the camera work here, by the same Sven Nykvist, is very much the same as that of the earlier work in its perfectionist rendition of details of furniture, objects, and faces. And of course there is a death scene here, muted and immensely powerful, when Alexander, scared out of his wits by this thing he does not comprehend, hides in a corner from his dying father.

And the grief, which has been so often banalized by routine tears, sobs and complaints, achieves an unexpected dimension here when the children wake up at night to the sound of a wounded animal's anguished screams, and discover their mother pacing up and down and venting her distress in an empty room.

Parents and children, and the complex ties between them, comprise another topic Bergman has dwelt on in almost all of his films. Here he somehow sums it all up by showing the parents' desire to go on living their own lives, regardless of their offspring; and at the same time their inescapable devotion to the children — after they have almost sacrificed them, they do their utmost to redeem them. That all this is consistent, and transmitted to the audience not only through dialogue but also, mainly, through the behaviour of the characters, the expressions in their eyes and their attitudes, is only one more indica-

tion of Bergman's enormous talent, and also of his new-found peace of mind and willingness to accept human nature as it is.

This is reflected in the character who, most of all in this film, represents the fantastic, the peculiar dimension that is beyond immediate logical comprehension and, for this reason, is the essence of art and imagination in human experience. This character is a Jew, Isaac, who has long been the lover of the old Mrs. Ekdahl (incidentally, the full script indicates she was a Jew too). He has a pawnshop where somehow things only go in, never out; he is the good genie of the family, he saves the children from the hands of the religious scourge; and he is the person who maintains that not everything should be explained or explainable in life. Kidnapping Fanny and Alexander from the Vergerus household somehow reeks of the old anti-Semitic blood libel, Jews stealing Christian children, but here it is a blessing and not a curse. Not to mention the fact that in one of his back rooms, old Isaac keeps his nephew, Azriel, locked up, maybe because his imagination is too fertile or his powers are too remarkable, while his body is too fragile, for the sort of world surrounding him.

And God, we shouldn't forget God. Maybe you remember that in *Through a Glass Darkly*, Harriet Anderson was desperately looking for God and all she found was a cockroach behind the door. Here, Alexander, who is always discussing God's existence and doubting his wisdom, is faced with a different kind of God, also hidden behind a door, a puppet that makes awe-inspiring noises but turns out to be quite lovable and man-manipulated after all.

ONE COULD GO ON pointing out parallels, elaborations and comple-

tions of previous Bergman themes in this opus: his approach to the master-servant relationship, his visualization of dreams, his use of music (here it is a Schumann quintet and Britten cello suites), and so on. But since this is just a review, enough is enough.

The acting, as usual, is splendid, no one could expect less from a Bergman movie. Ewa Fröling's eyes are objects of rare beauty seldom encountered on the screen, and Erland Josephson's performance as old Isaac is a jewel of wisdom and humour. What's more, unlike most Bergman movies, this one is very easy to watch. Colourful, sumptuous, elegant, lively and very often amusing, it is almost a fairy tale for children, compared with some of his heavier fare. Yet this is the kind of tale that will stay with you for a long time and supply much food for thought.

I MENTIONED *Terms of Endearment* several times in my reports from Berlin, and now it is already showing in Israel. If Bergman's film is art, this one is pure craft. Superb, no doubt, done by some of the best pros in the business, but still craft.

In the first half you may be vastly amused by the egocentric mother, played by Shirley MacLaine, and her independent, warm and radiant daughter, Debra Winger. You will find it intriguing to see how a cashiered astronaut living next door to the mother finds himself in her bed after first being grossly rejected; you will commiserate with the daughter whose husband is not a paragon of virtue in spite of his pretensions to the contrary; you will love her own timid extra-marital romance; and you won't be able to resist the punch-lines, coming at you at the rate of about one every 20 seconds, like any self-respecting TV situation comedy.

In the second half you will be smitten by grief when the daughter discovers she has cancer, you will sympathize entirely with all those who are trying to face the terrible facts, and you will simply enjoy having a good cry at life's cruel jokes. At the same time you will be grateful to director James Brooks for keeping it all in such good taste, clean, neat, the kind of pain that is all sweet sadness, from which you know you will recover, maybe even quickly, since the pained mourning never endures longer than the running time of the film itself. Cancer should always be so nice.

Brooks, a veteran of countless TV shows, the best-known of which are the *Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *Rhoda* and *Taxi*, keeps the machine running smoothly, no real insights into the characters but perfect clichés used to maximum effect. As luck would have it, he has a trio of great performers. The best is Shirley MacLaine who endows the fiftyish mother, battling with her age, her sexual frustrations and her maternal feelings, with quirks and fancies no script could supply. Debra Winger is her own engaging self as the daughter, and she certainly provides a performance to match MacLaine's. Jack Nicholson as the randy neighbour gives one of his typical show-stopping acts, all sardonic grins, innocent smiles, lewd innuendoes and a paunch he has been asked to nurse specially for the part of the run-down astronaut. Add John Lithgow, in a nicely moulded part as the daughter's bashful and grateful lover, and you really have a top cast.

So who could ask for anything more? There are laughs and fears, stars and actors, slapstick and death — perfect recipe for a box-office smash. That's entertainment, folks.

ONE COULD GO ON pointing out parallels, elaborations and comple-

Figurative meaning

Gil Goldfine

A WIDE-RANGING survey of recent oil paintings and works on paper (watercolours, drawings, and mixed media) by the veteran Israeli artist **Eli Peretz-Arad** blatantly exposes her weaknesses as a sensitive colourist and an imaginative interpreter of subject matter, while clearly indicating her excellent, often superb, handling of the graphically rendered human figure.

The exhibit of approximately 100 works is poorly hung, as minimum consideration was given to grouping of techniques, subjects or chronology, and so one strolls among the stalls to find a sparkling charcoal portrait placed next to a dull, lifeless aquarelle in the overworked lyrical style or a pastiche panel of panda scrolls on paper.

Peretz-Arad's finale on the end wall comprises large, impasto encaustic canvases that carry little weight. They are heavy descriptions of the landscape or figure, devoid of pictorial personality or the "trademark" of a singular hand. Chromatically they are also predictable and monotonous.

Peretz-Arad's sketches, however, are consistently well executed. Her directed pose and linear manipulation of form control the model's stance and project a real being, a character, not a passing neutral individual. Through a balance of light and shade cast on anatomical volume and open space, the nude studies carry a definite sense of belonging to an environment, of flesh and blood filled with emotion.

As in the past, Peretz-Arad comes across strongest as an observer in black and white of the essence. Unfortunately, this skeletal armature collapses quickly when she involves herself in colour rendering or stylistic interpretations. (Yad Lebanon, Petah Tikva. Till March 24.)

Shimon Avni has a marvellous knack of setting a painted surface

into total animation, either by coordinating sets of muted, complementary colours, using soft graphic elements with harsher symbols, or joining the two into magical looking tactile fields.

Over the past couple of years Avni has gravitated towards reductive drawing and creating "real" shadowy images while distancing himself from the purity of French school abstraction which relies heavily on Matissean colour and bold, oscillating, compositions.

His current works on paper treat still lifes and landscapes more quietly in a semi-abstract or decorative manner. The former are composed around an amalgamation of synthetic cubism and post-war abstraction while the latter are built on the geometric segmentation of the picture plane and then patterned, like wallpaper, with trees of fruit. The compartmentalization of the signs and shapes, however, is not a static solution, for Avni's ability to incorporate design with a use of colour glazing and graphite graffiti turns lined up lollipops into energized jumping beans. (Radius Gallery, Dizengoff Centre, Tel Aviv. Till March 30.)

TWO YEARS after opening its doors to young aspiring artists, 90 Ahad Haam is sponsoring several group exhibits featuring many of the 60 painters, sculptors and conceptualists it has sponsored during its inaugural period.

What hits one first in this show is the "visual" atmosphere of youthful experimentation. The viewer is confronted by large, unorthodox objects or panels, often unmanageable, garishly coloured, broadly painted and curiously assembled, eclectic looking works of art. This grouping, which needs to

find a way, albeit in derivative or unrefined contemporary styles, bursts from the walls and floor like a bulldozer: strong and determined.

Using corrugated backing packed full of Picassoish lino cut lines of pink, white, yellow and blue describing agonized figures, *David Shvili* injects a ferocious "dog-tiger" image attacking an unprotected female nude below.

The fear and malaise inherent in the characterizations are different from Ronit Devet's shaped and painted plywood panels, which are more heroic than aggressive, using a combination of Matisse's last blue nudes, Franz Marc's wild horses and Gauguin's mythology.

The imaginative use of materials and subject is placed aside by Itamar Neumann, who chooses to colour render photo documents of the concentration camps. He accomplishes this by using monochromatic naturalism to encourage one's association with the credibility of it all and not the after shock of the documented event.

Other works here include Tamar Cohen's wild and windblown landscapes in a fauvish palette, Arieh Berkowitz's multi-panel pictures with grossly sketched contour images, Bilu Blich's familiar constructions and Ilan Tchetchik's metal assemblage sculpture. Philip Trezter's installation of marching music and jackboots is interesting, as is David Vaststein's modern lion and Yitzhak Golombek's Arpan yellow floor sculpture with photos and playing cards. (Radius Gallery, Dizengoff Centre, Tel Aviv. Till April.)

Doron Yablom's installation and two dimensional constructions are political statements that neutralize one's need to react instead of activating it. Unpainted in cutouts, images of airplanes, billowing battle smoke clouds, cypress trees and potted plants are set around a floor level horizon line and a central



(Detail) Ellen Slotnick: "Ireland" (Gallery of Photographic Art, Tel Aviv).

frame constructed from iron profiles — all undoubtedly a graphic reenactment of a Lebanese experience.

Yablom's wall pictures in frames merely repeat the larger, combined, room composition. In all, Yablom's unmodelled, flat shapes are dull as single units and duller as a roomful, and do little more than represent a symbolic cinematic proposition with a shallow bark and no teeth. (Kibbutz Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv. Till March 27.)

Ellen Slotnick's "Ireland" is a personal paradise of soft light, verdant fields, stony corners and greyed skies; an ambience described by "smell and touch," not one hoarded by the shouts and gestures of people or institutions.

Slotnick, an American who studies at the Rochester Institute of Technology, expresses her sense of place in a score of black and white photographs. Major emphasis is placed on grassy knolls, flowers, rock fences and the thick woods of the Irish landscape. Without animal or man (but one lone mason) Slotnick imparts a great deal of solitude and warmth in her beautifully printed bromides: balanced harmonies of tone, texture and subject matter in timeless scenes. (Gallery of Photographic Art, 19 Frishman, Tel Aviv. Till March 21.)

Paula Debordes, a member of the French consular staff, has been in Israel for several years. Her small paintings on paper are views of the harsh, sun drenched landscapes that emphasize rocky hills, single boulders and dramatic escarpments. These studies are superior in every way to recent attempts at human and animal figurative compositions or architectural details that capture Mediterranean light. The pictures of "mineral," as the artist describes them, are monumental in character despite a technique that is not intuitive but schematic and technically repetitive.

At the same gallery, Ilan Eshel shows small mixed media landscapes on grey tinted paper. They carry a brand of impressionist lyricism of the local kind. Idit Sarna throws colour onto enormous surfaces in a very pronounced and aggressive manner. Her expressions are wild without concern for composition, drawing or the clarification of form. The absence of a vortex or nucleus makes it difficult for the viewer to begin his visual journey. Sarna's sweep is unruly with paltry brushing for a non-descript epic. (The Open Gallery, 8 Kikar Kedumim, Old Jaffa. Till April. Opening evenings only.)

Crossing the line

— one of them in the present show because Zion Square was drawn directly onto the plate so that the printed image was reversed and the site lost its familiarity.

In another, King David dancing with one of the lions that accompanied him when he brought the Ark to Jerusalem, the artist was dissatisfied with the anatomical drawing, which is now hidden by painting. But these rejected proof prints were no more the motivation for the Schwebel's painting on etchings than were developments in the international art world, which the strongly individual artist tends to ignore anyway.

Rather, in this whole series, Schwebel wanted to do away with the idea of the etching as a multiple for wider distribution. Instead, the printed proof has become the first and fixed and predetermined layer to be varied according to his expressive needs at the time of painting. And so the biblical dancing David, in his undershorts and with arms outstretched (printed this year by

Debbie Eppstein), is the fixed entity, and the oil painting on and around him in each version is the variation on a single theme.

THE WORKS in the exhibition reflect the technique of Schwebel's larger paintings, on which he applied a layer of gesso to smooth the surface of the canvas before drawing the details of Jerusalem's streets and architecture in graphite and afterwards painting in the biblical themes, background and the strokes of colour that at times symbolized the Ark.

The etchings themselves are parallel to his graphite drawing in their clarity of linear draftsmanship. He then coated the Arches paper with acrylic to preserve the surface to be painted with the same bright oil pigments he used for his canvases. Schwebel's models for the variations on the theme of Michel scorn the dancing David, as in a few of his paintings, are photographs, this time movie queens of the '20s and '30s, Judy Garland among them. The individual Michals either interact with David (the artist's self-portrait taken from a photograph) or are unresponsive, but all of them perfectly express Michel's disdain.

It is rewarding to see Schwebel's keen sense of humour still at work: in the 1981 etching of Zion Square



Ivan Schwebel: "King David dances wildly as he brings the ark of the Covenant to Jerusalem's Zion Square."

(printed by Barbi Kravitz) a miniature Michel reclines in the Greek relief manner in the pseudo-pediment of the corner building that is now Bank Leumi. In another painted version of the same etching he writes, "Only in the hotel do they call him 'King David.'" Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, representing the Kabbalistic bride Matronita, dance in front of Kiryat Hayovel. In another version of this etching originally printed in 1975, the painted King David looms in the foreground of the neighbourhood

LEILA AVRI

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ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at IS520 per line including VAT; insertion every Friday costs IS1555 including VAT.

Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Opening Exhibition: Ryoan Kosei, "Happy Moments (Opera)", industrial prints on wood (20.3 at 8 p.m.); Master Drawings from Uffizi Gallery; Small Scale Modern Sculpture from Museum; Joseph Zaritsky, Oil Paintings and Aquarelles; David Schaefer, Posters and Advertisements; Henrich, 45 Years of Design: Art Looks at Art; Ori Reisman, Paintings; Scraps, home theatre sets and greeting cards; Tom Seidman Freud; Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art, Archaeology and Contemporary Israeli Art. Rockefeller Museum, Kadesh Barnea, Judean Kingdom fortress: How to Study the Past for children. Paley Centre, next to Rockefeller Museum. Closed Saturdays. Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II, 6 Reh Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter (Old City, Sun-Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.). Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Hechal Shalom: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica, Diorama Room: History of Jewish People Special Purim Exhibit. Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.

St. Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Hechal Shalom: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica, Diorama Room: History of Jewish People Special Purim Exhibit. Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.

Galerie Vilon Nouvelle, Khuzot Hayotzer, 35, Hamacha. Original prints by international artists. Tel. 02-419864, 280031. **Tel Aviv Museum.** Exhibitions. New Exhibition: Dr. Erich Salomon, "From a Photographer's Life" (22.3 at 8 p.m.). Continuing Exhibitions: Cosmic Images in the Art of the 20th Century; Micha Kirshner, Classical Painting, 17th and 18th centuries; Impressionism and Post Impressionism; Twentieth Century Art; Israeli Art. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion: Exhibition: A Pear and an Apple, exhibition on still-life. Visiting Hours: Sun-1 hour, 10-10, Sat. 10-2, 7-10, Fri. closed. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion Sun-Thur 9-1, 5-9 Sat 10-2, Fri. closed.

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VERDEHR TRIO. The concert scheduled for Tuesday, 20.3. IS CANCELLED.

SPECIAL EVENT

INSIGHTS OF AN ACTRESS — Life Among Forms, a performance based on the Japanese traditions of theatrical dance, presented by Netta Plotzky. Monday, 19.3, at 9.00 p.m.

GUEST LECTURE (In English)

EXHIBITION POLICY OF THE 'CENTRE POMPIDOU', by Alfred Pacquement. Curator of Contemporary Art, Centre Pompidou, Paris. Accompanied by slides of the recent exhibitions. Tuesday, 20.3, at 6.00 p.m.

CINEMA

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REVUE JUIVE



(Above) Friday afternoon, in Orzeblina. (Right) A sports day of Hashomer Hatzair in Vilna. (Below, left) Hanoch and Gawriel, who accompanied Gidal to Poland. (Below) The bulagolu, a Lublin waggoner.



הכחם הנכסף

WANT TO get away from it all? Right away, this minute, and at no expense whatsoever?

Then nothing could be better than a quick dip into a revolutionary theory about the Hebrew language. This one, which runs counter to all accepted views, maintains that the Hebrew language, unlike all others, did not evolve gradually, but was artificially constructed with brilliant logic and profoundly conscious purpose by a very early committee of priests, or perhaps even by one "pre-historic Zamenhoff" genius. That each Hebrew letter is actually a hieroglyph with a specific set of meanings; that Hebrew grammar, far from having troublesome "irregularities," reflects a consistent collection of Jewish laws; and that the Hebrew language — not modern Hebrew, but that of the Five Books of Moses — is a kind of modular construction of sexual and other behavioural symbolism. Not sex in the contemporary free-floating style, but rather as inseparable from Jewish law — and expressed in the 22 letters and their combinations. For a brisk start, here is an explanation you never heard in any Hebrew class as to why the masculine plural ending is "im" (*vad, mem-safti*). Why, you will ask? Because, according to this theory, *vad* stands for "hand" and *mem* stands for "water," which you may have learned in Hebrew class, because these meanings are taught in many schools and ulpanim as mnemonic devices.

But our revolutionary theory is much more graphic. It goes on to explain that the masculine plural ending is "hand" plus "water" because only the male "can direct the flow of urine by holding his sexual organ with his hand." Why the feminine plural ending is *ot* will come later. It is in any case unfair to be tossing such nuggets out so early in the game, and the author of the theory sternly warns the reader not to skim through and pick out "the especially interesting pieces," but to follow the development step by step, a process that is impossible in the space allotted here.

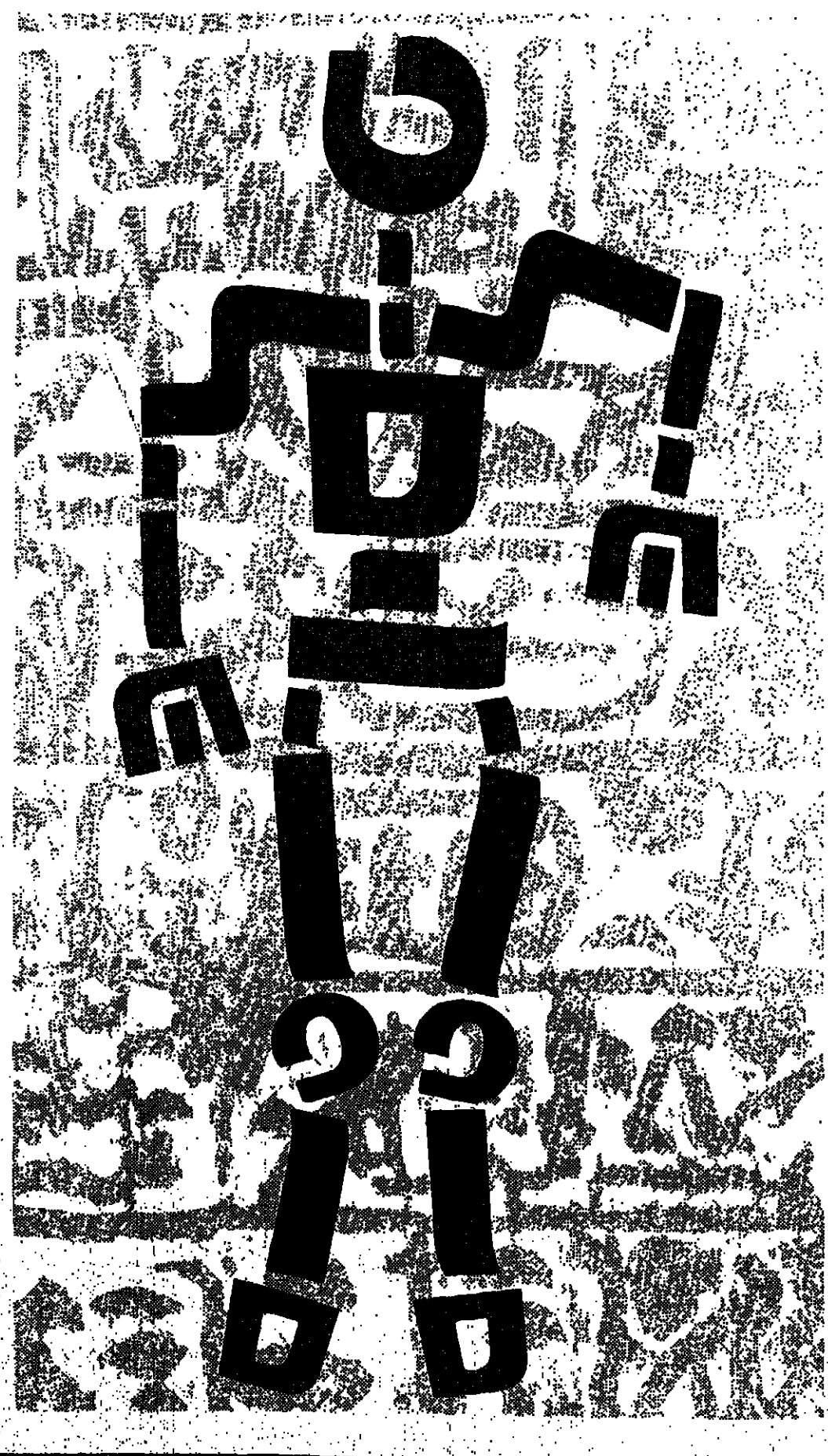
THE WORK under discussion is a book called *Hebrew — an Age-old Hieroglyphic System (Hebraeisch — ein altes Hieroglyphensystem)* in the German original by Eliyahu Rosh-Pinnat, the pen-name of Dr. Ernst E. Ettisch. It was published in Tel Aviv in 1951, and apparently made little splash. No trace of it appears in the archives of *The Jerusalem Post*, which was widely read by *yekkes* at the time. It presents the kind of thesis that scholars hoot at derisively when they do not, as is more usual; ignore it completely: they are, after all, busy proving each other wrong.

Without the faintest claim to academic qualification, I am now rescuing it from oblivion simply because, I think it is very diverting. At worst, it is a kind of super-Jewish Scrabble; or something Freud might have written called "Moses, Monotheism, and the ABC," with a nod to some sort of alpha-genetic code for "transferring information from letter to syllable to word."

My copy was loaned to me by my friend Elisevka Bailhorn, who keeps a stock of such memorabilia squirreled away and is kind enough to produce delicacies when she thinks I need diversion. And without further ado we can start off with *aleph*, generally considered to mean "ox" or "ass," or the head of this beast. This basic meaning appears in the work of Professor Wilhelm Gesenius, a German scholar of the

Hebrew as hieroglyphics

The language of the Bible is a 'kind of modular construction of sexual and other behavioural symbolism.' That minority view on the origin of the holy tongue and its alphabet is explored by The Jerusalem Post's HELGA DUDMAN.



last century, to the listings of Gesenius; Ettisch adds, for *aleph* (1) ox (2) a thousand (3) a great multitude of creatures, things, or abstract concepts, and 4) the total

multitude of all appearances. Next, of course, comes *bet*, or house. We put *aleph* and *bet* together and got *av*, father. (Our infants, who babble "abba" and "im-

ma," start life putting us to shame by speaking Aramaic.) Ettisch explains *aleph* plus *bet* equals father: "It is the father to whom the ox and the house belong."

Son, in Hebrew, is *ben* — *bet, nun*. *Nun* means fish. Gesenius notes that this is the meaning of the word in ancient Syrian, Chaldean, and Arabic. Ettisch adds that in Hebrew it is the hieroglyph for fruitfulness, fertility. (*Nun* is spelled *nun, vav* — meaning movement — and another *nun*. This shows us, says Ettisch, "two fish moving in love-play," which are the spirit of fertility "because they reproduce so much.") To get back to house and son: "When the house has become fruitful, a son is given."

The letter *heh* is very important. Gesenius says, "Its meaning is murky." Ettisch says, "It has many meanings, each leading to another. Divinity, eternity, infinity. To bear the Divine gift. The Divine gift of bringing forth fruit. That female creature towards which the other, male sexual partner yearns in order to be immortalized through the feminine partner." It is also connected, in a long passage with diagrams, to the ancient wind-harp. And it is the least audible of all the letters.

Boy, in Hebrew, is *na'ar* — *nun, ayin, rath*. We know now that it starts with fruitfulness; goes to "eye" — and Ettisch sees *ayin* not solely as the eye, but as the whole nervous system which receives impressions from the sight organ. This brings us to *rath*, the head. The explanation is thus clear: "That individual for whom certain impressions on the nervous system... lead to the sudden erection of the masculine sign of fruitfulness."

Na'ara — girl — has the same three letters but ends in *heh*, to indicate the possession of the divine gift of bearing. Ettisch appends a five-page account of why the Five Books of Moses sometimes give *na'ar* to mean girl; it all has to do with sexual behaviour, which among the very early Jews, as among the religious today, was crucial to living according to God's law, and for the purity and preservation of the Jewish people.

In this case, Ettisch strongly disputes the conventional explanation that *na'ar*, without the *heh*, was once used interchangeably to indicate either sex. In Genesis 24, 16, for instance, Rebecca is referred to as *na'ar*. Ettisch explains at some length that the missing *heh* indicates a completely pure maiden, so chaste that no young man would come near her.

WHICH BRINGS US to the feminine plural. The letter *vav*, according to Gesenius, is "nail, hook, peg." Yes, says Ettisch, when it appears as a consonant. But as the vowel "o" it stands for time and time-periods; as the vowel "oo", it signifies movement. As for *tav*, which means "sign," this indicates a "closing off, enclosing, end," as is

appropriate for the last letter of the alphabet.

The plural ending *ot* is therefore made up of time plus closing-off; that is, "when women have their menstrual periods they close themselves off, away from men. The hieroglyph thus indicates unavailability for men, forbidden to men."

This appears in a section headed "The hieroglyphic meaning of various forms of Hebrew grammar." The plurals for "man" and "woman" — *ish, anashim; isha, nashim*, "far from being grammatical irregularities" are further examples of logically consistent, beautifully planned messages on the regulation of human behaviour encapsulated in letters as modules of words. Thus, "if the plural of *isha* were *ishot*, the implication would be that women were not intended for sexual intercourse with men. Such a word could, indeed, be used to propagate the concepts of celibacy or homosexuality, which are entirely contrary to the precepts of the Pentateuch."

Such a possible misunderstanding would be even greater if the plural of *ish* had been formed by adding *-im* to make *ishim*, because this might have been construed to mean that men were permitted as sexual partners for men, that is, it could have led to the propagation of homosexuality among men."

It is thus interesting that the plural of concubine — *pilegesh* — is formed by the suffix *-im*, that is, permitted to men, just like *nashim*.

Ettisch stretches his grammatical net — sometimes more convincingly, sometimes less — to cover such areas of Jewish law as the security of the state, the police, the invulnerability of the human body, of home and property, and first and foremost, the rules of sexual behaviour.

Thus, in a section entitled "ot as a singular ending," the implications are quite unlike those of any other grammar book when we come to "sister" — *achot*. "This word is made up of 'brother,' to which the sign *ot* has been appended. The meaning is, therefore, that the sister — the feminine 'brother' — is sexually forbidden to the brother. It was particularly important to emphasize this in the Hebrew language since among the pagans, marriages between siblings were celebrated as they were between gods."

"But then the question arises, why is the plural of 'sister' not *achotot*? For a very good reason! If the word *achot* incorporates a sexual prohibition, then the word *achotot* would convey a double prohibition. And this would have given the impression that incest with several sisters was a greater sin than incest with just one sister. Or, put another way, that although incest with one sister is forbidden, it might not be such a terrible breach of the law so long as it involved just one sister."

BUT ENOUGH about the pitfalls of gender. Ettisch has forgotten infinitely more about Hebrew grammar than most of us will ever know. He gives, for instance, a detailed analysis of the connection between prayer ("the legal implications for spiritual and physical self-enclosure") and the *yod-tav* form of the construct case of *lamed-heh* verbs.

And (I am just picking at random here) he connects the vowels (*pat-tah*, and that crowd) are naturally with the positions of the sun in the heavens, complete with diagrams; the half-vowels (*sheva-na, hataf-pat-*

tah, and that crowd) are naturally in-integrated with the phases of the moon. There is a sweet little Hebrew song that lists the vowels, but that is child's play compared to the hieroglyphic theory, which is for grown-ups. Here *holam* in the *ot* ending takes us again to the menstrual period, and we are back in gender anatomy. The bemused reader also encounters, in this connection: "For the *holam* in the participial present of the *kal* form, see para. 8-1, page 82." I indicate this to show, if this is still necessary, the densely organized Germanic character of the work, decorated as it is by glittering 10-syllable words such as "*Hieroglyphenzusammensetzungen*."

Turning to the historical fact that the Hebrew vowel-points were devised in Tiberias, Ettisch suggests that the system was not in fact invented in the 6th and 7th centuries in Galilee, but rather merely made public to the people by the scholars at that period. It was a difficult time for the Jews, he notes, and the vowel system, "transmitted much earlier by the priests to the educated classes," was now further extended "to ensure the preservation of the nation's cultural treasure in the face of political chaos."

Earlier still in history, and towards the close of the book, Ettisch explores the story of Creation as told in the Book of Genesis, and of the time when, as we know, God spoke to early man in Hebrew. With Adam's sin came the fall of man and, in time, the worship of foreign gods, but "nevertheless, Hebrew still remained for a period the language of all humanity, until God intervened and brought about the linguistic chaos of Babel."

EXPRESSING this in modern terms, Ettisch goes against all scholarly speculation by claiming that "the culture of earliest man was monotheistic and Hebraic... The appearance of polytheism is a product of spiritual degeneration, like the appearance of several national languages." Later still, in this view, the Egyptian priestly class, although perfectly familiar with the useful and simple Hebrew alphabet, considered it a monotheistic threat to their regime. That is why, Ettisch says in answer to a question raised by many scholars, they invented a complicated and unwieldy script, though in possession of a much better one: in order to keep the masses in thrall to Egyptian polytheism.

"Human development and the spread of knowledge became possible only because, in Semitic circles far from Egypt, the ancient and holy Hebrew language was still preserved as a dead language. And that was where Abraham learned it, and brought it to life again... rather like Eliezer Ben-Yehuda in modern times."

Noting the various positions of such scholars as Flinders Petrie and John Evans, Ettisch also quotes the late Professor David Diringer, father of the Alphabet Museum in Tel Aviv, who took the opposite and accepted view. In a monograph on the alphabet that appeared in the *Museum Ha'aretz Bulletin* in 1964, Dr. Diringer wrote that early Egyptian hieroglyphic writing predated Semitic scripts, and that "it is highly probable that the 22 symbols of the original alphabet were not pictographic but artificial and purely geometrical, and the letter-names were an artificial mnemonic device."

And that they certainly can be. European alphabets do not lend themselves to any similar system: "A is for apple" does not get us very

far. Ettisch raises the notion to giddy heights, though as in all systems of creative interpretation, there is the danger of maneuvering the mnemonics into grave errors.

Consider how Ettisch spells out the implications of the masculine and feminine numbers. *Echad* (one, masculine) has to do with a brother-in-law: "brother" plus "sharp," i.e., sword. Poor *achat* (one, feminine), on the other hand, while also "brother," has the suffix for "fear, terror," that is, the sister who must be protected.

All this can be something of a minefield, because in a moment of weakness somebody may consider the "*dalei*, or door, which closes the masculine *echad*" and misinterpret the signs as indicating "the frightened sister who trembles behind the door." As for all seven of the Hebrew conjugations, which most of us get through the day without: *nifal* represents suffering, through *nun* in the sense of birth...

THE WIDELY-HELD view that Hebrew is based on roots of three consonants is dismissed by Ettisch as a relatively late influence from the Arabic. Early grammarians until about the end of the first millennium, he points out, held that the basic Hebrew roots had two consonants, or even only one consonant.

This took me back to a memorable early encounter with another obscure book about Hebrew which I enjoyed over 20 years ago: *Everybody Knows Hebrew*, by I. Bayer, who at the time was running a music shop in Haifa. Bayer had completed his formal studies in 1920 at a seminary for Jewish teachers in Germany; his true love was the Hebrew language, and he, too, constructed an impressive edifice, this one on the theory of roots and their rotation.

In his book, he "built bridges" to other languages as an aid to learning Hebrew, as in *darga* and grade, *fal-lach* and plough. A little pink list that came with the book provided those pictographic meanings of the letters of the alphabet. I still have the list, but I lent out the book to new immigrants 20 times, and it came back only 19 times, so I cannot check what was said about the relation of pictogram to letter.

That little book, too, was hard to come by. The establishment has never cared for theories evolved on the outside; Bayer, I know, would have welcomed at least an attack from some revered academic source.

I have now returned the rare Rosh Pinnat-Ettisch book to my friend, so that I cannot pass it on no matter how much I am beseeched. But what a wonderful idea it would be for some German-Israeli organization to fund a translation — or better yet, a computerization — of the material. The letters, and all the meanings with which they are pregnant, practically cry out to be turned into software.

Back in 1951, nobody dreamed that computers would one day be used to analyse verbal components. Ettisch, looking back then to the recent past, recalled that the Nazi edict to return to Gothic script was a blow against the European alphabet, representing "the underlying monotheistic world culture."

This he saw as a modern parallel to the Early Egyptian decision to use a stupefyingly complicated hieroglyphic system in place of the efficient alphabet of monotheism. At the close of Part I, he writes with emotional emphasis: "The Pentateuch eagerly awaits decoding!" □

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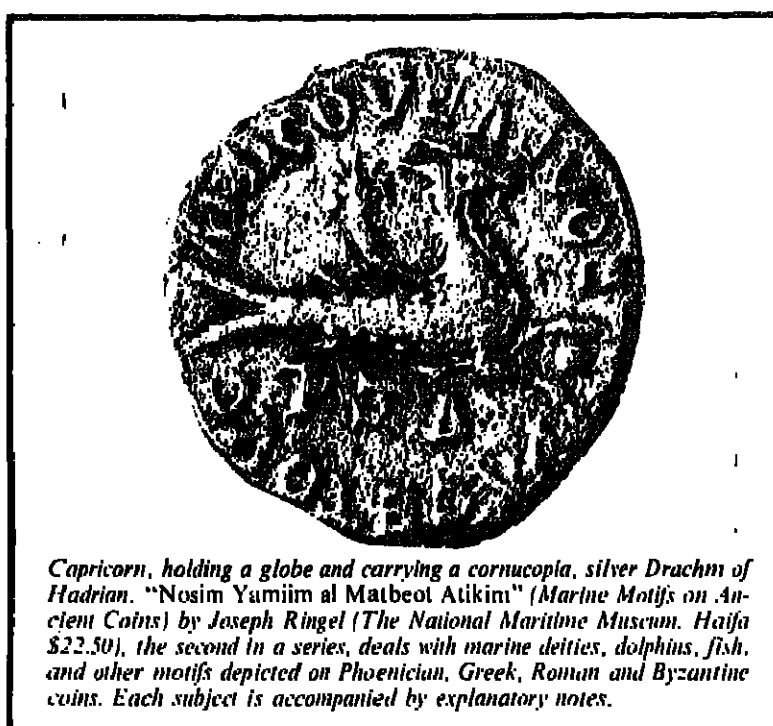
FOR SOME YEARS now Paul Johnson has been the gadfly of Britain's intellectual and political communities. A former Labourite and editor of the *New Statesman*, he became a Roman Catholic and turned into a vocal critic of socialism and a debunker of the intellectual left. At one stage he supported and promoted Thatcherism, but he has recently been heard making a few snide remarks about Mrs. Thatcher too.

But there is nothing unpredictable about Johnson's latest tome — not even the choice of subject. It is hard to conceive of a topic that would provide greater scope for an exposition of his ideas than a history of the world during the last six or seven decades. And he manages to make the most of it.

Johnson doggedly and systematically keeps firing his deadly guns against his *bêtes noires*. These appear too numerous to be listed, until one realizes that they may be included under three main heads: the idea of progress, especially of the "anarchic" variety; violent revolution; and social engineering.

JOHNSON'S "dating" of the beginning of the modern era in world history is as good as any other, although it sounds a little arbitrary. For him, the modern world began on May 29, 1919, when photographs of a solar eclipse confirmed the truth of a new theory of the universe. Einstein's General Theory of Relativity was proved valid by tests initiated by the British scientist Arthur Eddington, and this resulted in an alteration of the Newtonian concepts on which ordinary people based their understanding of the world and how it worked.

Virtually coinciding with the public reception of Freudianism and the success of the first Marxist revolution, the new cosmology made a tremendous impact. As Johnson puts it: "Marx, Freud, Einstein all conveyed the same method to the 1920s: the world was not what it seemed. The senses, whose empirical perceptions shaped our ideas of time and distance, right



Capricorn, holding a globe and carrying a cornucopia, silver Drachm of Hadrian. "Nosis Yumim al Matbeot Atikim" (Marine Motifs on Ancient Coins) by Joseph Ringel (The National Maritime Museum, Haifa \$22.50), the second in a series, deals with marine deities, dolphins, fish, and other motifs depicted on Phoenician, Greek, Roman and Byzantine coins. Each subject is accompanied by explanatory notes.

Social engineers

A HISTORY OF THE MODERN WORLD: From 1917 to the 1980s by Paul Johnson. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 817 pp., £16.50.

Nissim Rejwan

and wrong, law and justice and the nature of man's behaviour in society were not to be trusted."

Johnson starts his controversial account of the modern world with the Bolshevik revolution — or, to be exact, with Lenin's departure from Zurich on April 8, 1917 to return to Russia. But Lenin was only the first of what the author calls "a new species" — namely the totalitarian organizers of the 20th century.

By the second half of 1919, new types of "vanguard elites" were making their appearance in Europe. They, too, advocated some variety of what Johnson terms "despotic

utopia," they too were socialists. But they appealed to something broader than an abstract "proletariat" and their collective dynamic was not so much class as nation, or even race. In various forms they appeared in Austria, Hungary, Turkey, Italy and finally, in Germany.

In a chapter entitled "Waiting for Hitler," Johnson advances the theory that the principal reason why anti-Semitism made such astonishing headway in the Weimar Republic was that the German intelligentsia conceived of a "cultural tyranny" run and dominated by Jews. "Until the Republic," he writes, "anti-Semitism was not a disease to which Germany was thought to be especially prone. Russia was the land of the pogrom; Paris was the city of the anti-Semitic intelligentsia..." (His analysis of the rise and spread of anti-Semitism in Germany is novel and well worth ex-

amining; but as with a great deal of his other theories and generalizations, it must be taken with a sizeable grain of salt).

THE YEAR 1929 marked another turning-point. Some time in December of that year, a few weeks before celebrating his 50th birthday, and while the New York Stock Exchange was collapsing, Stalin gave orders for the forced collectivization of the Russian peasants, an operation involving "a human slaughter on a scale no earlier tyranny had possessed the physical means, let alone the wish, to bring about."

By the mid-'30s, five million peasants were dead and twice as many were in labour camps. Moreover, while "this gruesome piece of social engineering" was being accomplished, Stalin had acquired "a pupil, admirer and rival" in the shape of Adolf Hitler, controlling a similar autocracy and planning human sacrifices to ideology on an even greater scale.

"Social engineering," in one form or another, was responsible for most of the ills that plagued the world in the six decades that followed World War I. In the few pages he devotes to the Islamic Revolution in Iran, Johnson asserts that the Shah was overthrown not because he was pro-West, or a capitalist, or corrupt or cruel ("most Middle Eastern rulers were cruel and by their standards he was a liberal"). "The truth is he destroyed himself by succumbing to the fatal temptation of modern times: the lure of social engineering. He fell because he tried to be a Persian Stalin."

This passage, typical of Johnson's style of writing, is followed by an even more curious remark: "It was in the blood. His [the Shah's] father was a Persian Cossack officer who seized power in 1925... later he came to admire and envy the ruthlessness with which Stalin collectivized the peasants."

Jean-Paul Sartre also seems to have had it "in the blood," Sartre, the father of Existentialism, is taken up in a chapter called "The European Lazarus." Johnson writes that

Sartre claimed that he produced Existentialism to give people a bit of dignity and to preserve their individuality in the midst of degradation and absurdity, a state in which France found itself at the end of World War II. Existentialism, however, was "remarkably ungallant; hence, perhaps, its attractiveness. Sartre was half-Alsatian (Albert Schweitzer was his cousin) and he was brought up in the house of his grandfather, Karl Schweitzer. His culture was as much German as French. He was essentially a product of the Berlin philosophy school and especially of Heidegger, from whom most of his ideas derived."

Aiming nearer home, Johnson writes of Sartre's war record thus: "Sartre had a good war. Despite the surface enmities, there was a certain coming together of the French and German spirit. Paris was not an un-congenial place for an intellectual to be, provided he could ignore such unpleasantnesses as the roundup of Jews, as most contrived to do without difficulty."

JOHNSON'S description of the modern world is — justifiably — a story of woe. But where do we go from here? Or, rather, where would Johnson have us go from here? He rightly points out, in the final chapter ("Palimpsests of Freedom") that whereas in the past six decades or so knowledge expanded more rapidly than ever before, "in many ways an educated man in the 1980s was less equipped with certitudes than an ancient Egyptian in 2500 B.C." At least, he explains, the Egyptian of the Old Kingdom had a clear cosmology. In 1915, Einstein destroyed the Newtonian universe, and the cosmology substituted in the 1920s was merely speculative.

This state of affairs leads Johnson to "the depressing conclusion that progress is destructive of certitude. In the eighteenth and still more in the nineteenth century, the Western elites were confident in the evolution of humanity towards a governance by reason. A prime discovery of modern times is that reason plays little part in our affairs."

who saw themselves as Jews only by virtue of their religion; this group survived and even enjoyed the support of the regime. Finally, those who completely submerged, cutting all their Jewish links. These included the backbone of the top Hungarian communist leadership and prominent intellectuals. The integration of this group was more complete than those in a parallel position elsewhere in Eastern Europe and they were not affected by the anti-Jewish overtones of the Rajk trial and the subsequent purges.

Jewish emigration from Hungary was less frequent than from other countries (those who departed in 1956 were not motivated by Jewish considerations) and directed to lands other than Israel where the emigrés could continue to shed any Jewish identity. But the majority of Hungarians were reluctant to accept the full assimilation of Jews into their midst even when the objective conditions were optimal. Eighty thousand Jews have remained in Hungary and their assimilation may be linguistic and cultural but they retain their separate Jewish consciousness. Vago divides them between half who are neutral or on their national identity and half who would seem to be assimilated but in fact remain in a no-man's-land of uncertain identity between Jewry and the Hungarian nation.

Rumania has had a more sustained anti-Jewish record; historical factors made assimilation an insurmountable challenge in that country. Stephen Fischer-Galati points out that the Rumanian Communist Party sought to identify with the country's historical tradition and this had rejected the assimilation of Jews.

The Jews of Rumania remained a non-assimilated minority, and when Israel provided a focus and locus for emigration this was accepted by the leadership of the country which sought the support of the masses who were not supportive of Jewish assimilation. Early attempts to estrange the Jews from their religious and national leaders failed.

The Jews of Rumania were less willing than the Jews of Hungary to compromise on their identity and the regime was less intent on pressing them to do so.

Apart from illustrating the temptation to assimilate, these essays show that Jews, like other human groups, also have a built-in resistance to assimilation. Moreover, as crucial as the motivation of the minority to assimilate is the willingness of the majority to absorb. It is an enormously complex problem and these case histories deserve study for the lessons that might be learnt from them.

THIS BOOK presents the papers given at an international conference at Haifa University in 1976. The subject matter is more limited than the title implies. Except for a demographic essay and one paper on American Jewry, the contributions all deal with European, especially Eastern European, Jewry, and many of them focus on the inter-war period.

The editor explains his object as "merely to illuminate the historical background in order to better understand the present." The emphasis is on the historical and political aspects of Jewish assimilation through a series of case studies, without any attempt to reach an overall interpretation or synthesis. The material in the book is all of the highest scholarly level and it covers admirably its given subjects, but the potential reader should realize its limits.

As Mordecai Altshuler observes in his overview of assimilation within Soviet Jewry (up to 1947), assimilation is not an instantaneous occurrence but a gradual process whose origin is not easily discernible and which is not readily observed or measured. "When," asks the editor, Bela Vago, at the outset, "does acculturation end and assimilation begin?" This is like the old poser of a woman who dyes a black sock with white thread until eventually she has a white sock. Is it

Total submersion

JEWISH ASSIMILATION IN MODERN TIMES, edited by Bela Vago. Boulder, Colorado, Westview Press and Epping, Essex, Bowker Publishing Co. 220 pp. \$33.50.

Geoffrey Wigoder

the same sock, and if not, when did it lose its original identity?

There are those (like Benjamin Akzin in a recent issue of *Forum*, which has been running a more contemporary consideration of Jewish assimilation) who speak of three stages: acculturation, assimilation and submergence. But it is really like the white thread in the sock — every new thread introduced means a subtle modification of identity. The three stages are part of each other; the first stage of acculturation is the first stage of assimilation and of ultimate submergence. On the other hand, not every acculturation step is a threat to the group's long-term continuity. A creative evolution is essential to the survival of the species if it is not to find itself fossilized and left high and dry.

MORE THAN one-third of this

volume is devoted to the cases of the Jews of Hungary and Rumania, and the contrasting fates of these communities, especially after World War II, provide an interesting comparative study. Following the Liberation, the communists in theory pressed for the complete integration of the Jews into every field of national endeavour, aiming at their submergence. In practice, communist policies proved diverse and pragmatic, influenced by local and historical factors. The difference in the results reflects the dissimilarities between the two communities.

In Hungary between the two World Wars, the intellectual left advocated assimilation as a basic human right and this attracted many Jews. But Jewish assimilation was extensive rather than intensive. The trauma of the war years, according to Professor Vago, brought a process of disassimilation and a national revival. By the end of the 1940s, Hungarian Jewry could be divided into three. First, the Zionists who, outlawed and deprived of any organizational framework, soon disappeared. Secondly, the assimilationists ("Hungarians of the Jewish Faith")

Lifting the curtain



RUSSIA: Broken Idols. Solemn Dreams by David K. Shipler. New York Times Books. 404 pp. \$17.95.

Edith B. Frankel

rural, by the intellectual *vis a vis* the manual worker.

The Soviet citizen is early locked to a production belt that moves him inexorably towards his career, be it blue collar or white. The *raspredele*, the distribution or assignment of graduating students to places of work, is the last of the stages passed by the young which determine their future, and it is, for university students, the worst. Although the compulsory assignment of post-graduate employment is for three years, the young Soviet citizen is going to find it very difficult to extricate himself, once this stint is over, from his specialization and the geographic location where he has been sent.

Add to this the rampant bribery and the use of well-placed connections, which are exploited during the period of *raspredele*, and it is easy to see the early snuffing out of idealism and belief in individual achievement as the key to success.

SHIPLER here, as elsewhere, is making an implied comparison with usual American practice, which permits children to have the most general education for as long as possible, results in a large percentage of the young going on to some form of post-high-school study, and allows university students to defer the selection of a major field of concentration until their third year.

But were the comparison made with European or Israeli schools, the difference would not be nearly as marked. Besides the differentiation between academic and vocational high schools, there is streaming of classes here, too, in terms of "science" and "humanities," and a student at a European or Israeli university must select one or two departments within which he will confine his studies.

Even in America, a visit to a working-class neighbourhood will produce very few high-school pupils looking beyond to a university education. The reasons in both nations are in many ways similar: children of intellectuals are better prepared, more stimulated, and more motivated to apply to academic high schools and universities and thus more likely to be accepted. The question here is one of relative mobility.

But of course this is not, and is not intended to be, a sociological study. What Shipler offers us is individual human experience, which can in no way be duplicated in a statistical survey. His technique is largely successful, although one is occasionally brought up sharp by certain observations.

For example, in reading about his discussion with a group of Komsomol activists, I wondered how different a foreign editor would have fared with an American or Israeli high-school group. Asked who their heroes were, these *Komsomols*, after offering the names of Lenin, Che Guevara and Fidel Castro, were at a loss. But how would a similar group respond in the West? Do our youth have more readily identifiable heroes? Thus, reading the book makes one look at one's own society with fresh eyes.

SHIPLER describes the Soviet Union as a country where insecurity and secrecy lie just below the surface of everyday life. The secrecy takes all kinds of forms, sometimes absurd. The lack of information that exists within the country is often dangerous to the well-being of the society. Shipler tells of doctors who are unaware of alternative treatment or of medical machinery available in their own city for particular ailments. It is quite common, he says, for Russians to try to gain information about research being done in their own field in their own country from foreign scientists.

Other examples of lack of information are the Intourist guide who was unaware of the fact that

internal passports had not yet been distributed to all *kolkhozniki* (in fact, she had thought that everyone had always had them), and the guides who were ignorant of the fact that they were living at the base of a new dam which was causing earth tremors.

The "overprotectiveness" of the government can often be stifling, but is felt to be necessary to ward off the danger of chaos not far below the surface. One Russian, commenting on the Soviet Constitution, quipped, "What's not forbidden is compulsory."

The Russian — or at least the intelligent Russian — knows that all is not truth in *Pravda*; and we are aware of the fact that Russians read between the lines in their press to get a glimpse of what is really going on. Westerners have long felt that Russians believe they can depend more on the western press than on their own for information.

But Shipler modifies this view somewhat. The Russians, he says, view western qualities, western liberties, through the distorting prism of their own "constitutional liberties," the quality of life that has been assured them. He cites the keen cynicism Russians have for the hypocrisy of their own society and argues that they then project this same cynical view on to the rest of the world.

The western attributes most highly prized in the Soviet Union are material and this fact accounts for the flourishing trade in jeans and other American goods. The application of Soviet assumptions to the United States was amusingly exemplified at a U.S. exhibition in Moscow when two women asked a guide if Americans had internal passports, as Russians do. On being told that they do not, one woman crowed, "You see? I told you that Americans couldn't travel freely inside their own country."

In some cases, the differences between the Soviet Union and the West are not so apparent — as in the case of the conductor Rudolf Barshai, who was refused the right to perform a particular work for ideological reasons in the Soviet Union (Kipling's poetry set to music) and then was turned down again, this time in London, for aesthetic reasons (the music was insufficiently avant garde).

This book is full of interesting information and opinion. Shipler gives fascinating background material on some famous figures — Slepak and Shchuransky immediately come to mind. (He does, however, produce the peculiar non-fact that 100,000 Jews were rounded up in Moscow in 1951 and exiled.)

Shipler spent a good deal of time talking with dissidents of all kinds — political, religious, Jewish activists. Of those still in the Soviet Union, the ones who come out very favourably are Roy Medvedev, Anatoly Shcharansky, Valentin Turchin and Irina and Victor Brailovsky. Sakharov fares less well; his devotion to humanitarian causes appears to be too single-mindedly dedicated to intellectuals. His attitude towards the proletariat seems condescending, his preconceptions too nurtured by a Soviet upbringing.

In general, it is difficult for westerners to come to terms with Soviet dissidence. We somehow expect a dissident to be some kind of western-style liberal. It was with a high degree of dismay that many Americans discovered that Solzhenitsyn did not fit their image, that he was not a representative of the anti-Vietnam War movement, did not espouse western parliamentarianism for Russia.

The Russians, with their background of 20th century totalitarianism, their long history of tsarist rule, of wars, of all-controlling government and xenophobia, are simply different. Nor can they make the rapid transition, even if they want to. This is a point that Shipler makes amply clear in his examination of the Russian psyche. He says it with some regret, but his experience has taught him that uncritical optimism serves no purpose. Whatever changes take place in the Soviet Union will be within the context of the Russians' own history, their own personality, their own goals, not ours.

Shipler, who is at present the *New York Times* bureau chief in Jerusalem, has written an intelligent and challenging book. It will be most instructive to see what he someday writes about Israel after he has moved on to his next post.

Growing up

DONKEY WORK by Edward Blisken. London, Hamish Hamilton. 249 pp. £8.95.

AT THE JAZZ BAND BALL: A Memory of the 1930's by Philip Oakes. London, André Deutsch. 251 pp. £8.95.

Meir Ronnen

GET A BOOK about anything published and you become an authority overnight. Make a broadcast about it and you become a pundit. Accept a few invitations from abroad and you become an instant international authority. This is what Blisken's book is all about, based on what happened to him after he wrote *Roaring Boys*, an account of his experiences as a secondary school teacher in London. But the chief lesson to be learned from both these books is that they might never have seen the light of day if their authors were not established literary personalities.

Poet Philip Oakes opens the last volume of his trilogy of autobiography with an account of his doing it to his girl, standing on her porch ("It was bitterly cold. The front of Sadie's thighs were like marble"). It's hard to resist such an opening of course and Oakes, at 17, had already got the house mother of his Methodist Home with child.

Oakes' appealingly well written and unpretentious book is a cleverly connected series of anecdotes about growing up in the fifties, from National Service in Cairo — writing for *Parade* — to discovering black jazz from George Melly. Oakes learned to write as a court reporter; the location provides colour and black comedy. Later he worked on a weekly with Bernard Levin and slowly becomes a writer, while proceeding from love affairs to marriage.

There isn't anything really illuminating about either of these books; neither about their authors nor the times they lived through. They both write well and have given their memoirs a professional literary form. They don't change all that much, although Blisken, a conscientious objector in WWII, seems to have developed a post-war respect for military men and Military Cross winners, while Oakes reminds us what it was like to grow up and away from one's suburban mother. As I said at the beginning, these are writers who are published because they have already been published. Donkey work indeed.

הכחמן הנחל

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Proceedings of the Israel Academy of Sciences and Humanities
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Fascicle 2: Geraniales to Myrtiflorae
Oxalidaceae-Hippuridaceae
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Articles by S. Abramson, I. Levin and A. Mirsky
55 pp. 14 x 21.5 cm. IS 450

43 Jabotinsky St., 91404 Jerusalem, P.O.B. 4040, Tel. (02)636211

They came to stay

Benny Morris

ANTHONY PRICE is an old hand and should know better than to offer us the convoluted slowness of his latest, *Soldier No More* (Granada, £1.95).

We have yet another British intelligence officer mulling away for the KGB, this time in post-Suez 1957.

Here is one mole, however, who wants to tunnel out into the sunlight. This he must do while attempting to rehire a retired hand for a specific mission.

Hundreds of pages are devoted to the tracing and rehiring of the old hand, and the bond is not worth the premium or whatever, especially when one must wade through such un-English phrases as *audiet pugnas vitto parentum, rara venustus* (the last being a football club and the rest Greek).

There's also some unlikely dialogue: "Do you really take part in orgies in the Tower, Lady Alexandra?" he inquired politely.

"Oh — phooey!"

"Is that yes — or no?"

A little while later: "It was yes. But I bet your job isn't as dull as our orgies."

LEN DEIGHTON'S latest, *Berlin Game* (Hutchinson, £8.95) seemed to me at least a rather tired rehash of elements of his pristine near masterpieces, *Furor in Berlin*, *The Ipswich File*, etc. But the spies, along with Deighton, are now late middle aged, the Berlin Wall is no longer what it used to be and all the moles seem to be acting a part rather than truly living dangerously.

Occasionally, Deighton comes up with a good line: "If you'd ever been on one of those trips that car manufacturers provide for the dealers, you wouldn't ask. Wives are superfluous, darling. There are hot and cold running girls in every bedroom."

But usually Deighton gives us: "This region of England has the prettiest villages and most beautiful countryside in the world, and yet there is something about such contrived perfection that I find disquieting." Or: "Cruyer smiled. 'I never realized that you had a romantic streak in you, Bernard. Is that what made the exquisite and unobtainable Fiona fall in love with you?'"

So we have the aging Whitehall penpusher Bernard Samson charging back to Berlin to unravel the death of the Brahms Four network, while back home the moles are tunnelling away at the foundation of the Empire. The denouement is fairly predictable, and if you've read the rest of the Deighton oeuvre, you could give this one a pass — except that it is Deighton and still miles ahead of the bulk of the competition.

AN EVEN MORE serious decline has set in in the work of Lawrence Sanders of the "Deadly Sin" trilogy, a few of the "Ten Commandments" and *Tangent* books — readable, generally exciting thrillers. Now Sanders has put his finger in the pore pie and come out the worse for wear.

The *Seduction of Peter S.* (New English Library, £1.95) describes how out-of-work actor Peter Scuro set-up and ran a male prostitute business. And I mean describes. How to go about recruiting, how to treat your employees and clientele, how to keep down overheads, how to keep the fuzz in line and the Mafia out of your hair — everything

is explained in great and persuasive detail.

But much of a plot there isn't, and the characters are flat (most of the time on their backs).

Perhaps even more disturbing is Sanders's other new paperback, *The Case of Lucy Bending* (New English Library, £1.95), which takes us straight into the Miami porn trade, with the porn businessmen falling eventually into bad ways and even worse times.

Lucy B, if I may call her that, is an eight-year-old beauty whose main pleasure in life is arousing men — preferably middle-aged ones — by sitting on their laps, fondling and caressing them and sighing and whispering. The descriptions are fairly explicit, as are the portrayals of the relations between one of the porn merchants and a flat-chested, crippled whore, two homosexuals and a middle-aged female vamp, etc.

According to Sanders, this is what Miami has come to — a paradise of "creamers," a new word I managed to pick up in this moral literary rubble.

FAR, FAR better is John Katzenbach's *In the Heat of the Summer* (Ballantine, \$3.50), which has a psychopath stalk an American community, fallout, as it were, from the Vietnam war.

Katzenbach, a journalist and son of former U.S. attorney-general Nicholas Katzenbach of Watergate fame, writes the story from the perspective of the reporter who covers the killings. Reporter and psycho form a fertile bond of slaughter and reportage, outlining in the process the dilemmas of the symbiosis.

After one killing, the reporter tells us about one of the witnesses, who has just found a butchered teenage blonde's body: "He seemed upset enough and articulate enough to provide a sidebar to the main story."

The writing occasionally falters — especially when Katzenbach gives us moral dialectics. But usually the book grips — and the psycho carries us caring right up to the finish.

GAVIN LYALL'S latest, *The Conduct of Major Maxim* (Pan, £1.75), I found disappointing. The SIS, apparently, sends a British Army on the Rhine corporal to guard an agent. The corporal ends up killing a German and fleeing to Britain, where Major Maxim, a security official at 10 Downing Street, tries to unravel the plot and protect the innocent. Lyall beautifully reconstructs a meeting of security mandarins in Whitehall, but otherwise things flag.

IN *Still of the Night* by Robert Alley (Ballantine, \$2.50), a psychiatrist unravels the murder of one of his patients while beginning a rapid treatment/love affair with the character played by Meryl Streep in the film version of this novel. Her own problems, including a touch of parricide, or something like it, add psychological tension, but the book remains pretty flat.

Kendal J. Peel's *The Twelfth Night of Ramadan* (Heinemann, £7.95) is another example of that blossoming genre — the Middle East thriller. It is set in Saudi Arabia, where Peel apparently lived.

Peel knows how to write and, on occasion, overwrite. The feel of that backward country comes through loud and clear, though the plot — the theft of hoarded bullion — seems far-fetched and rather heavy (as gold bars tend to be). There is also some unlikely Mossad business. But it passes muster.

SO DOES *Quiet as a Nun* by Antonia Fraser (Penguin, £1.50), which several people warned me against.

Lady Fraser, who is a historian (*Cromwell our Chief of Men*, *King Charles II*), an anthologist of love-poetry, and wife to Harold Pinter, is new to the mystery trade but performs honourably.

There is something particularly spicy about murder at a nunnery, and Antonia Fraser makes the most of it.

IF YOU like old cars, James Leasor may or may not be for you. I abandoned his *Host of Extras* (Corgi, £1.25) midway, perhaps because I prefer my cars shiny new.

Leasor's heroes, Dr. Jason Love and the owner of Aristo Autos, drive down in their Rolls to Corsica to do some filming and get involved in murky business. Leasor tells some good jokes on the way, and some rather poor ones:

"Suddenly, the water was hammering under my feet like a blacksmith gone mad, or an old maid trying to get into a sex-maniac's cell."

James Carroll's *Family Trade* (Signet, \$3.95) is quite readable, though hardly Le Carré vintage as the blurb claims.

The son of a CIA spook and the nephew of a British defector try to unravel a family plot in Washington, D.C. The plot returns us to Hitler's *Götterdämmerung* in Berlin at the end of World War II. There are some rather unlikely happenings, but the contemporary antics of the KGB tend to hold one.

Certainly better than average.

DESPITE a slow start and a somewhat banal theme, I found *The Main* (Jove, \$3.95), by Trevanian, quite moving.

We have an old cop and the Main, a street in Montreal, is his beat. It is peopled by chisellers, protection men, dwarfs, robbers, whores, and by a psychopath who knives men to death but leaves their wallets in situ.

Here and there, Trevanian, who gave us the fast-paced *Eiger Stunt* as well as the rather tiresome Shihumi, puts us to sleep. But by book's end one feels it was worth holding on.

C. TERRY CLINE JR.'s *Missing Persons* (Sphere, 1.95) is a first class read about a homicidal rapist-killer of blondes who part their hair down the middle.

There are a few superfluous pages about adolescence and the art of psychology. But skip these, and you'll clutch your armrests through the night as a psycho, psychologist and psychologist's daughter play footsie in Florida's swampy hinterland.

I'D RECOMMEND a facelift for *The Reaper* (Granada, £1.50) by Ted Alibeu, which begins very well but tapers off in holding power towards the end.

Nonetheless, it is a better-than-workmanlike rendering of the old avenger-versus-Odessa theme, this time with a lissome brunette stalking the tired old Third Reich hands to their graves.

NOT PURIM but Hanukka is the holiday for playing games with nuts. Still, the festive banking binge is sufficient excuse for writing about the local pecan nut industry. And besides, the Pecan Growers Cooperative recently took the press on a tour of its processing and packing plant at Moshav Beit Hanan near Rishon LeZion.

The tour coincided with the introduction of the plant's two new products — salted, roasted pecan halves, under the trade name Piquant, and a chocolate-nut confection called Pecolade. To the local retail market, via Tnuva, the Growers Cooperative also sells the nuts in their shells, halves in cellophane bags, and bags of broken pieces for baking.

No one has to sell me on the subject of pecans, as I was born in the American South, and the nut is native to the subtropical regions of the U.S. and Mexico. The U.S. remains the world's principal grower, with over 100,000 tons a year. Mexico ranks second. Israel produced only 2,000 tons last year, less than a tenth of Mexico's yield, yet our Agriculture Ministry boasts that we can be said to be the third most important producer, because we are a major supplier of pecans to Europe, mainly for the Christmas trade. We have also exported to Canada, Australia and South Africa, and with real Israeli *chutzpa*, our growers are looking into export possibilities to the U.S. itself, if only for the sentimental Jewish market or the appeal of a Holy Land label for Christmas.

Even if the cooperative succeeds in exporting 30 per cent of its crop this year, there will be plenty of pecans for the local market. The harvest season is late October through February, but pecans are kept in cold storage for year-round sales. The whole nuts in shells are especially plentiful right now.

Most Israeli pecan growers — about half on moshavim, half on kibbutzim — belong to the Growers Cooperative, headed by David Lev of Beit Hanan. Virtually all the export is done through the cooperative, but probably no more than 15 per cent of the pecans sold locally go to Beit Hanan: the rest are marketed by a few private processors, or directly by the Jewish and Arab growers.

Disregarding for the moment the question of price, what are the advantages of buying pecans marketed by the cooperative?

The cooperative's contention is that if you buy pecans in their shells from an unknown source, there is a danger of getting a high proportion of shrivelled ones, not worth the price. At its own plant, which is called the Pecan Institute, the individual whole pecans are sorted by size and inspected by weight. The latter indicates whether the nut is moist and tasty, or dried up and worthless. If you don't have a label to rely on, the most you can do is bounce a few pecans in your palm to see if their weight seems uniform; if you find a high percentage of "light ones," don't buy.

You used to be able to identify pecans from the institute by the fact that they were polished, but other processors have also begun to polish them too. The institute would not tell us the name of the chemical used to make pecan shells shiny, except to say that it is approved by both our own Health Ministry and the very strict West German authorities.

MOST PECANS sold in Israel, as abroad, are factory-shelled. Here too, the cooperative stresses the im-

Nuts and bolts



Ministry of Agriculture's Shaul Chomsky and David Lev of the Pecan Institute 'cut the cake' at last week's demonstration of ways to prepare and serve the nuts.

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

portance of shelled nuts coming out of a modern, hygienic factory. A scientist at the Volcani Institute is doing research to find practical uses for the leftover shells from the plant.

It is more economical to buy whole nuts and shell them yourself — by about 25 per cent, after taking into account that some 50-60 per cent of their weight is waste. The cooperative was unwilling or unable to say just what fair retail prices should be, other than that Tnuva sets the wholesale price and most retailers take 20-30 per cent above that. An exception is Tnuva's own Hypermarket chain, which takes a much smaller markup.

In fact, Tnuva Hypermarkets are virtually the only place the consumer can find a wide range of whole pecans, labelled by variety and size. All its produce is from the Pecan Institute, of course, and prices this month range from IS252 to IS372 per kilo, which is as cheap as or cheaper than you have in the open-air markets.

The favourite — and most expensive — type of pecan grown here is Dalmas, which has a slightly speckled, dark-brown shell. Its "meat" is said to retain its colour and flavour longer than the other strains, and is the preferred type for export. The Dalmas, however, is very hard to crack. One of the other tasty and easier-to-crack varieties is called Wichita, which is cheaper

selling for the equivalent of \$10 per kilo (nearly IS1,500).

THE LATEST fashion in front-door security is a lock which resembles a push-button telephone. The new Israeli-made Romdoor steel door has an exterior plaque with 10 numbered buttons.

The householder has to press the four digits of his secret number in order to release the protection steel shutter and fit his key into the keyhole.

"The door with the computer" is the popular name of the new product, though strictly speaking the device is not a computer. It is a purely mechanical combination lock, which requires neither electricity nor batteries.

This push-button combination lock itself is neither new nor Israeli, but comes ready-made from the U.S. What is new and is being patented, however, is the idea of using the secret-number lock to activate a protective shutter for the key cylinder. It was developed by Zvi Rochman, one of the owners of Romdoor of Netanya. A high percentage of break-ins occur, the firm points out, when skilled burglars insert tools into the cylinder and release the lock.

Another common point of attack is along weak door-frames, on the lock or hinge side. The new door comes with a steel frame which is embedded into the existing masonry around the door. Instead of the familiar multi-bolts, it has a complete strip of steel which penetrates deep into the frame along the top of the door on both lock and hinge side. The steel used in the door itself is said to be thicker than others on the market and Romdoor claims that it is impervious to "any conventional means of break-in," which means anything short of explosives.

The Romdoor spokesman points out that even if a key should fall into the wrong hands, it is useless to anyone who doesn't know the combination. The householder can change his secret number fairly easily, by purchasing a new "set of combs" for about IS2,000. But if he should forget his number and be locked out, he will have to call the company to come and dismantle the device.

Until yesterday, Romdoor had an introductory offer of IS55,000 including installation, but I was told that people who make inquiries because of this article may still get the old price. This is about the same level as other local steel doors with the multi-bolt system. Romdoor does not yet have Standards Institute supervision but is negotiating to get the specification revised to suit its unique features. The firm offers a six-year guarantee.

Romdoor's general manager, Dov Baron says the firm has export orders from Switzerland, Germany, Spain and the U.S., and has sold more than 500 of the doors in Israel in its first six months.

ANOTHER TYPE of push-button technology was brought to my attention recently by Harold Kaufman, managing director of Hirschberg Brothers of Herzliya, one of the major suppliers of milking equipment to dairy farmers. The consumer is generally not very interested in how his milk gets to him, so long as the final product is satisfactory. But I found it interesting to learn that the quality of milk which leaves the milk sheds has improved vastly in recent years, and that if spoilage problems still exist, it is probably because of faulty handling and storage in the distribution and sales stages. Lack of proper refrigeration in retail stores is most

likely the only reason our drinking milk tends to go sour after three or four days, instead of a full week, says Kaufman. In the U.S., he claims, ordinary pasteurized milk has a good refrigerated shelf life of up to 14 days.

Nearly 25 per cent of our dairy farms have had their milking sheds fitted out with self-cleaning equipment, operated by the push of a button. Hirschberg Brothers, which has supplied such equipment to 140 farms, says dairy farmers were given the incentive to modernize after Tnuva decided a few years ago to pay farmers premiums based on the quality of their milk. This has improved the quality dramatically.

According to Kaufman, general bacteria counts of 200,000 per cubic centimetre of milk were common a few years back. Tnuva set the maximum for top-premium quality milk first at 100,000 bacteria, then lowered it to 50,000. Today, says Kaufman, most farmers are able to stay below that and some of the newly-equipped milking parlours have got it down to 20,000 or less.

These general bacteria counts refer to raw milk before pasteurization. That process, explains Kaufman, kills the bacteria that cause disease, but does not totally destroy those that cause souring. The sterilized milk (*halav m'ukar*) in sealed bottles is almost totally bacteria-free, but has a caramelized side-taste. More natural tasting and nearly as long-lasting is the aseptic milk (*halav aneed*) in cartons, which has been treated with high heat.

A spokesman for the Milk Production and Marketing Board confirms that, by the end of last year, 48.6 per cent of the country's raw milk has attained the classification "superior" with fewer than 50,000 bacteria per cc, and hence qualified for the 1.5 per cent premium. However, he added that the improved quality cannot necessarily be attributed to improved technological conditions and said that clean milk can also be achieved with primitive equipment if it is tended properly.

ONE MORNING'S mail brought me two pieces of news for sufferers from celiac disease, who cannot digest the gluten in ordinary wheat flour. One was a recipe for Purim *hamantaschen* from Burkai, a subsidiary of Dubeck, which produces government-subsidized, gluten-free flour.

The following ingredients should be mixed in an electric mixer; two cups Baktal gluten-free flour, half a packet of baking powder, half a packet of saltless margarine, one egg, one packet of vanilla sugar, one container of sour cream, half a cup of sugar. Refrigerate the dough for two hours, roll out and fill with any mixture based on poppyseed, dates, nuts, or jam, and bake at 100°C.

The other news is that Osem has developed a gluten-free cracker on behalf of an international company which specializes in food products for celiac patients. In Israel, these crackers are marketed through pharmacies by C.T.S. In addition, Osem publishes an illustrated sheet showing its gluten-free products — including certain soup powders and snack foods made without wheat. Osem points out that all its products labelled kosher for Passah are, by their nature, free of wheat flour and hence gluten-free.

In my column a few weeks back, an incorrect telephone number was printed for Shlomo Kafka, who makes Finnish-style hand-woven rugs in Karkur, near Caesarea. The correct number is 063-79476.

— Martha Methyls

SIMPLE DAYS

by
Shelley Elkayam

Poet Shelley Elkayam is the founder of the cultural movement "The East for Peace." Her poems, which are widely read in Hebrew, have been translated into English by Charles McGeehan and Sorel Thompson, and have been published by Bonz Publications in Amsterdam, on the occasion of the international poetry festival "One World Poetry — The Eve of 84."

You are invited to hear Shelley Elkayam read her poetry, together with fellow poets, Simon Lichman and Betsy Rosenberg, at a literary evening directed by critic Miri Kene Paz, to be held at the Jerusalem Tzavta on Thursday, March 22 at 9 p.m. Entrance: IS 150.

Simple Days will be available at the poetry reading, and directly from The Jerusalem Post Book Department, P.O.B. 81, Jerusalem 91000, 28 pages, softcover, IS450 (including VAT).